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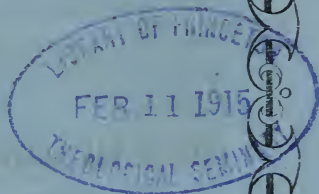
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[NEW SERIES.

THE

English



Presbyterian Messenger.

SEPTEMBER, 1858.



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THE ENGLISH PRESBYTERIAN MESSENGER.

CHRISTIAN LIBERALITY ON BEHALF OF THE ORDINANCES OF THE GOSPEL.

No IV.

WE have contemplated the principle of liberality on behalf of the ordinances of the house of God, *first*, in its *Reasonableness*; *secondly*, as *Divinely enjoined*, both under the Old and under the New Testament dispensation; and we have, in the *third* place, entered on the illustration of it as *exemplified* with Divine approbation both in earlier and later times.

1. We have considered the record of the Abrahamic Tithe. 2. We have adverted to that of Jacob. And now we might glance at the striking scenes of munificent contribution that occur from time to time in the annals of the Jewish church; how, for example, when "the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, Speak unto the children of Israel, that they bring me an offering: of every man that giveth it willingly with his heart ye shall take my offering," so liberally did they bring, that Bezaleel and his fellow-artist "spake unto Moses, saying, The people bring much more than enough for the service of the work," and "Moses gave commandment, and caused it to be proclaimed throughout the hosts, Let neither man nor woman make any more work for the offering of the sanctuary. So the people were restrained from bringing." (Exod. xxxvi. 5—7.);—how, also, when the temple of the Lord was to be built, to the astonishment of the aged monarch and his royal son, the very enthusiasm of munificent contribution pervaded the people: "they offered willingly, and rejoiced, for that with perfect heart they offered willingly: and David, the king, also rejoiced with great joy, and blessed the Lord before all the congregation, and said, Blessed be thou, Lord God of Israel our father, for ever and ever. Who am I, and what is my people, that we should be able to offer so willingly after this sort? Of thine own have we given thee. For we are strangers before thee, and sojourners, as were all our fathers; our days on the earth are as a shadow, and there is none abiding." (1 Chron. xxix.);—how, in fine, when the "holy and beautiful house," which had been laid waste for their fathers' sins, was to be rebuilt after its long desolations, "the chief of the fathers, and the priests, and the Levites, with all them whose spirit God had raised to go up to build the

house of the Lord, and all they that were about them strengthened their hands with vessels of gold, with silver, with goods, with beasts, and with precious things, beside all that was willingly offered." (Ezra i.)

On these and kindred details of Old Testament history we do not dwell. Profoundly interesting they surely are. Strikingly do they exemplify the great principle on which we are remarking, and very strongly and endearingly do they commend it to God's professing people in all succeeding generations. Consider them well, Christian friends, members of the Christian church! Hallowed days they were in the history of God's ancient church,—days of prayer on her behalf—days of the pouring down of the Spirit of grace in answer to prayer, and, as one of the blessed fruits of this divine effusion, days of such heart-openings to the Lord and his work and cause, as awakened in the whole multitude of his people emotions of astonishment, and gratitude, and praise. When shall such blessed seasons visit us?

We proceed to notice briefly some of the examples of our great principle recorded in the Scriptures of the New Testament.

And, first of all, though not bearing *directly* on our subject, we cannot but advert to the visit of the Eastern magi to "the city of David," on the nativity of our blessed Lord. The *day*, which the Father of the faithful rejoiced to see afar off, was now come. The Lord of glory, incarnate, lay in the manger, an infant of days. Ancient predictions had announced his advent. They attracted the regard of sages in the East. They saw his star in their distant land. And now, some of the most learned and wealthy of their order are divinely led to inquire after, and do homage to, the new-born Saviour King. Guided to Bethlehem, they see the babe, "wrapt in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger." How they felt on entering and looking around the wondrous scene, we cannot tell. They came to see a royal prince. No emblems of royalty are there. Instead, they behold a child of lowly rank, for whose humble parents—the high and wealthy being there—"there was no room in the inn." Noble-minded heathens! They knew not the glory of that child,—but they saw his deep humiliation. They knew not how "rich" he had been, and was,—but they saw his poverty. Probably, they were among those happy "first fruits of the Gentiles," who, "by his poverty," were to be "made rich." Before his lowly couch they fell in adoring worship, and opening the treasures they had brought from their eastern land, "they presented to him gifts—gold, frankincense, and myrrh." Marvellous scene! intended, doubtless, in the first instance, to be a divine testimony to the dignity of "the Holy Child Jesus;" intended, too, beyond question, to fulfil predictions uttered and sung by prophets and psalmists ages before, and to be an earnest of the "gifts" which the kings and the people of many lands shall consecrate to Jesus in the latter days; but, surely, also, designed to minister instruction to those who—now that this "Holy Child" has finished his course of deep humiliation, and is no more either an infant of days, or "a man of sorrows," but exalted to "the right hand of the majesty in the heavens"—profess to be his disciples and followers, that their solemn duty and great work is to spread the name and the glory of their Lord through a fallen world; that they should bring their offerings to him for this hallowed end; that, if partially taught heathens laid their treasures at his feet when he was the child of deep abasement, his enlightened and devoted friends should not withhold theirs now that he is in his glory; that, in short, if costly gifts were poured down before him, when as yet, comparatively, neither he nor his cause on earth had need of them, much more *now*, when the maintenance of his sacred institutions is devolved on the liberality of his church, and the knowledge of his gospel is to be

spread abroad over all lands, should the professors of his name and the partakers of his salvation come forth with gladness, and lay their joyful offerings at the footstool of his throne.

We have already made a passing allusion to the notice taken in the evangelic record of the poor widow who cast her "two mites" into the treasury of the Lord. But we regard that notice entitled to one or two farther remarks under our present head. It is one of the most interesting examples contained in the New Testament of *one* department of duty in which our blessed Lord would have his disciples engaged, and of the *spirit* he would have them cherish while engaged in its prosecution. "Jesus sat over against the treasury, and beheld how the people cast money into the treasury: and many that were rich cast in much. And there came a certain poor widow, and she threw in two mites, which make a farthing. And he called his disciples to him, and saith unto them, Verily I say unto you, that this poor widow hath cast more in than all they who have cast into the treasury: for all they did cast in of their abundance; but she, of her want, did cast in all that she had, even all her living." (Mark xii. 41—44.) How full of instruction is this incident in the life of Christ! He marked "how the people cast their money into the treasury." He does so still. The "Son of Man" still "walks among the seven golden candlesticks," taking notice, doubtless, of the character, and conduct, and work of the "angels of the churches;" but, assuredly, taking notice, too, of the temper and conduct of his professing disciples—the love they cherish toward him in their hearts, and the testimonies of it they are careful to afford in their lives.

In the record before us an *example* is presented to *wealthy* Christians. "Many that were rich," says the historian, "cast in much." Was the Omniscient observer displeased with this? Far otherwise. If these munificent offerings of the wealthy were prompted by a proper spirit, if they were dictated by a regard to the authority of God, gratitude for the gifts of his providence, and the blessings of his grace, and by a sincere and elevated love to the ordinances of his worship, they were unquestionably regarded by him with acceptance and approbation. Wealthy friends of the Lord Jesus, remember this! With largeness of heart, and openness of hand, remember the treasury of your Lord. If ever there was a period in which it needed to be replenished—filled even to overflowing—it is the eventful time in which we live; when the church is arising as from long slumber; when she is essaying to put on her "beautiful garments;" when she is stretching out her arms in compassion to the thousands and tens of thousands of immortal beings who are perishing around her in ignorance and sin; when, too, the mysterious movements of Providence are throwing open doors for the gospel in many poor benighted, Popish, Mohammedan, and heathen lands; when, in short, the listening Christian ear cannot but hear the plaintive, imploring cry, wafted from many a "dark place" of the earth "full of the habitations of cruelty,"—"Come over and help us!" Come, beloved Christian friends! help to "deliver those that are drawn unto death." Come "to the help of the Lord against the mighty." Deem it not enough to have your own souls for a prey—to have your own interest in the great Redeemer sought and secured. "Covet earnestly" *more* than this. Resolve by the grace of God to achieve *more* than this. Seek "the good of the house of the Lord your God." Be jealous, over all the sphere of your influence, for the maintenance with honour of that blessed gospel which you have found to be so precious, and which you hold so dear. And now, when, in the faith of her living and reigning Head, the church is going forth in her evangelic enterprises, prove yourselves to be indeed her sons and her daughters, fired with the

high and holy ambition of aiding, to the utmost of your power, in hastening on the regeneration of the world and the predicted glory of the latter days.

But, in the brief record at which we are now glancing, a lesson is also given to those in *humble life*—nay, even, indirectly, to the absolutely *poor* members of the Christian church.

Doubtless, the destitute, those who can do nothing for their own support, and are maintained only by public or private charity, cannot be expected to contribute even to the best of causes. It is one important object of Christian liberality to relieve and comfort such. "The poor," said our compassionate Lord, indicating not only the fact, but the duty of his church in regard to that fact, "the poor ye have always with you." Yet, let not the *poor* of the flock of Christ be cast down even in regard to the subject before us. "The excellent ones of the earth" have often been found among the poor. It is so still. Lazarus-like outwardly, they are yet "rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom." They love the Saviour, and his church, and her ordinances. In the spiritual Zion they have been "born again." And, although Providence has denied them the means of giving her any temporary aid, they can and do lift up their secret, fervent prayer to Him whose are the silver and the gold, the earth and the fulness thereof, that he would stir up his people to whom he has given wealth to bring *their* offerings to his treasury, to give their aid largely and willingly, that his "way may be known upon earth, and his saving health among all nations." Yes, verily, we believe these "poor saints" have been, times without number, "the salt of the earth," the "holy seed," "the substance of the land;" and that many a noble and princely gift poured into the treasury of the Lord, the announcement of which has revived and gladdened the hearts of the lovers of Zion, has been the fruit not less of *their secret pleadings*, unheard and unknown save by Him who "hears the cry of the destitute," than of the personal piety and zeal of the devoted Christian men and women by whom they have been presented.

But there is another class of persons in the Christian church, raised some small degree above the former; not dependent—not wishing to be dependent—on the liberality of others; able, though feebly, if opportunity should be afforded them, to earn a scanty subsistence by the work of their hands. Of such a class as this seems to have been the subject of the gospel story. She was "a widow," deprived of the husband of her youth, on whom, under God, she expected to lean for support and comfort in her advancing years. No son or daughter seems to have been left with her to cheer her lonely heart, or solace her amid the infirmities of declining life. And she is "poor"—left without human resource. She does, perhaps, what compassionate neighbours put in her power, and what her feeble strength enables her to perform. At this time, "two mites"—three halfpence of our money—constitute her whole earthly stock. A very small portion indeed of the necessities of this life would this procure her; and, therefore, to cast even *one* of these into the treasury, much more to part with them *both* for such a purpose, the world would regard as the very consummation of folly. But her resolve was formed, and it was done. She was a fearer of the Lord God of Israel. She "loved the habitation of God's house;" and many a time, it may be, while worshipping there, her soul had been "filled as with marrow and fatness." Her God had provided for her in former emergencies. And now, when, perhaps, some stated time of contribution for the house of the Lord had come round, committing to his providence her temporary support, she "cast them in," "all that she had, even all her living." Noble-minded woman! Widowed on earth, her "Maker was her

husband." Lonely, she was "not alone," the "Father was with her." Friendless in this world, she had a Friend on high who "sticketh closer than a brother." Amid temporal poverty she was "rich in faith, and an heir of the kingdom." She knew not the commendation pronounced on her by the omniscient Lord of the temple, but she departed from the scene of her humble offering with the conscious satisfaction of having been able to give her little all to Him who had done much for her amid the trials and perplexities, the bereavements and sorrows of years gone past, and trusting that, while she sojourned on earth, his promise should not fail,—“bread should be given her, and her water should be sure.”

Let not, therefore, we say to the humble, God-fearing members of the church, let not the consideration of the smallness of your gift deter you from presenting it to the service of Christ. “If there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not.” Ye have the testimony of an approving Saviour as well as the testimony of an approving conscience, and your humble tribute to your Master’s honour will be graciously rewarded, it may be with unlooked-for temporal supplies, but, at all events, most certainly with heaven’s richest, most precious blessings in your souls.

We have dwelt too long, it may be thought—and, perhaps, we *have* dwelt too long—on this case; but we have done so because we consider it one of the most striking, and one of the most remarkably approved and commended *examples* of pious giving to the service of God, of which there is mention in the sacred record.

We cannot dwell in detail on the many examples of large-hearted munificence toward the church and cause of God with which the New Testament history abounds. Deeply interesting it is to mark how, in every instance in which the gospel came to a soul “in demonstration of the Spirit and with power,” forthwith, in that soul love to Christ, his church, his people, his cause, became the all-pervading, animating, constraining principle and grace. We shall glance as rapidly as possible at one or two of the examples of this fact.

Of the Roman centurion, of whom we read (Luke vii.), who was obviously a proselyte to the Jewish faith, and a believer in the promised Messiah, and at the strength, yet profound humility, of whose faith our blessed Saviour “marvelled,” we find the Jews gratefully declaring, “He loveth our nation, and hath built for us a synagogue.” Grateful for the mercy which, through the sacred books of the favoured people, had visited and gladdened his heart, he loved them as the church of the living God; and, in token thereof had, at his own individual cost, reared an edifice for their sacred worship. Blessed be God, we are not without examples of such pious liberality in our own times! But how greatly, how easily, might they, *ought* they to be increased!

With what marvellous and instantaneous energy did the condescension and grace of Christ operate on the heart of the chief tax-gatherer of Jericho, when, descending hastily from the tree whither curiosity had led him, and amid whose branches the voice of the passing Saviour broke on his astonished ear, “Zaccheus! make haste, and come down; for to-day I must abide at thy house,” “he received him joyfully!” On that day salvation came to his heart and to his house: and the first breathings of his awakened, enlightened, transformed soul were in these memorable words,—“Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor; and if I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold.” (Luke xix.)

We come down to the opening of the Christian dispensation under the

apostles of our Lord, after their Master's ascension to glory. They expected great things—they had been taught to expect great things—and more marvellous things than they had expected, or even conceived, were realised among them. They preached the gospel, told of the advent, life, death, resurrection, exaltation of their glorious Lord. "Pricked in their hearts," the awakened multitude exclaimed, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" "Repent," answered the compassionate apostle, on whom it was most meet that the opening scenes of this glorious day should be devolved,—“Repent, and be baptized every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of your sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost.” What a triumph was witnessed then over the Power of Darkness! Three thousand souls added to the church! And these three thousand “continuing steadfastly in the apostles’ doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread and in prayer!” And what an opening of the heart to Christian sympathy and liberality was witnessed on that day of the pouring down of the Spirit from on high! “They had all things common, and sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all as every man had need.” It was not, as has been unreasonably supposed, that each of these converted men sold all his property, and cast the amount into a common fund. They did what the emergency of the case and the urgent necessity of many of the disciples required. The wealthy sympathised with poor brethren—disposed of as much of their possessions as was needful to supply their wants—to that extent had all things ready for each other’s need. Nor was it the mere excitement of a day. “They continued daily with one accord in the temple, and breaking bread from house to house, did eat their bread with gladness and singleness of heart, praising God, and having favour with all the people.” Such was the opening scene of the Christian church. Most blessed day! What a testimony, ascended Saviour, to thy mission, thy faithfulness, thy glory! What a monument, Holy, Divine Spirit, of thy power and grace! What a “time of refreshing” from the presence of the Lord! O, when shall such seasons revisit the church? When shall such an out-pouring from on high refresh and gladden the parched and thirsty heritage of the Lord?

We might make mention of devout, converted Lydia,—how, when “the Lord opened her heart,” she “constrained” the servants of Christ, who had been instrumental in her conversion, to “come into her house, and abide there” (Acts xvi.); and of “the well-beloved Gaius,” the generous “host” of Paul; and “of the whole church” (Rom. xvi.), to whom the venerable Apostle of Patmos addressed the last of his affectionate epistles, testifying and rejoicing greatly because of his love toward the church; and of Onesiphorus, who, when Paul was deserted by many professed friends, “refreshed him often,” “ministered many things to him in Ephesus,” “sought him out at Rome,” “was not ashamed of his chain,” and on whose behalf the grateful apostle prays, “The Lord give mercy to the house of Onesiphorus! The Lord grant unto him that he may find mercy of the Lord in that day!” (2 Tim. i.); and of wealthy Phebe, the generous friend of the Cenchrean church, and the succourer of many Christians, especially of Paul (Rom. xvi.); and of Priscilla and Aquila, “helpers of the apostle in Christ Jesus,” who “put in jeopardy their lives” for his sake (Rom. xvi.); of Mary, also, who, says Paul, “bestowed much labour on us;” and of Andronicus and Junia, who “endured bonds for the gospel,” and of whom the apostle says—almost envying their distinguished privilege—“they were in Christ *before me*, (Rom. xvi.); in short, to name no other, of “the house of Stephanus,” baptized by Paul himself, “the first fruits of Achaia”—the first happy family of Christian converts in that province—who laid themselves out in

ministering to the infant church, managing its secular affairs, promoting the comfort of its teachers, and supplying the wants of its poor members. (1 Cor. xvi.) What a constellation of illustrious names is this! And yet it is but a part of the noble list with which the inspired record furnishes us, of converted holy men and women, who were shining examples of love, and open-hearted and open-handed zeal on behalf of the Redeemer's church and cause in the early days of the gospel,—Christians whose names have been enrolled with honour in the annals of God's kingdom on earth, and will be had in unfading remembrance in the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ!

But we must bring our remarks on this head to a close, and, therefore, only advert in few words to the memorable apostolic notice of the disposition and conduct of the churches of Macedonia. "Moreover, brethren," writes the apostle to the members of the Christian church, "we give you to know of the grace of God bestowed on the churches of Macedonia; how that in a great trial of affliction the abundance of their joy and their deep poverty abounded unto the riches of their liberality. For, to their power, I bear record, yea, and beyond their power they were willing of themselves; praying us with much entreaty, that we would receive the gift, and take upon us the fellowship of ministering to the saints. And this they did, not as we hoped, but first gave their own selves to the Lord, and unto us by the will of God." (2 Cor. viii.) What a noble testimony to the power of divine grace, in opening the hearts of the members of even a poor, afflicted, persecuted church, so as to render them *examples*, to call forth the admiration, and invite the holy rivalry of their far wealthier brethren! Their "deep poverty was a foil to illustrate the largeness of their munificence." They "gave *themselves* to the Lord;" and, having done this, what could they refuse to him or to his cause? "Be stirred up by their example," says the apostle to their Corinthian brethren, favoured in wealth beyond them, "abounding also in faith, and utterance, and knowledge, and in love to us, be it your holy ambition to abound likewise in this noble grace. Ye know that many of your Christian brethren, in Jerusalem and throughout Judea, are even now experiencing much suffering, from their own poverty, the persecutions of enemies, and recent famine. Shall the wealthy church at Corinth be behind in coming forth to their aid? Shall the generous sympathy of the poor churches of Macedonia outrival and outshine yours?" And the apostle's appeal was crowned with success, for "the disciples determined, every man according to his ability, to send relief unto the brethren that dwelt in Judea." And thus beautifully is brought out to our view the great principle, not merely of individual liberality on behalf of the cause of Christ, but of the duty of Christian churches toward each other. If one church be poor, encompassed with difficulties, or suffering from the sword of persecution, sister churches, whom Providence has placed in happier circumstances, should feel themselves solemnly bound, and affectionately constrained, to extend to her in every possible way their sympathy and aid. Would that the churches of Christ, in these latter and momentous times, were more generally and deeply impressed with the importance of this great principle, and were led to embody it more than they have done in their intercourse with each other! This would indeed be to "bear one another's burdens,"—to "weep with those that weep," as well as to "rejoice with those who do rejoice," and "so fulfil the LAW OF CHRIST."

BURNS AND PRESBYTERIANISM.*

A REVEREND gentleman in Scotland, dead some years ago, once wrote a Life of Burns. The work was so very questionable in tone, that Lockhart, who (minister's son though he was) was not the strictest of men, deemed it proper to give it a hit in passing in one of the notes of his Life of the poet. Another reverend gentleman, of a very different training from the Scotch Moderator we have alluded to, has recently taken in hand to edit Burns. It was somewhat presumptuous for an Englishman to attempt editing the great Scottish Bard. But, in addition to the difficulties of his English birth, the Rev. R. A. Willmott has chosen to add the evils of intense sectarianism. He makes use of Burns in order to run a tilt against Scottish Presbyterianism. Of the opinion entertained by that quondam head of the English Church, Charles II., that Presbyterianism is not a religion for a gentleman, he has most unwarrantably abused his position as editor of Routledge's elegantly got up and very cheap series of the British Poets, to run down the creed of nine-tenths of his Scottish fellow-subjects. The circulation of the volume north of the Tweed will certainly not be improved by these High Church tirades. Parents there will prefer editions to give to their children, in which their creed is not insulted. The main gist of Mr. Willmott's remarks is this, that Scottish Presbyterianism is essentially a sour, low, vulgar thing, leading, where its professions are sincere, to such an exhibition of fanaticism as effectually to disgust a tenderly and loftily poetic mind, like that of Burns, with religion itself. We have recently seen a reviewer attempt, with thorough disregard of the facts of the case, to lay the blame of Gibbon's infidelity at the door of his presumed great (though really very moderate) acquaintance with the Fathers! So Mr. Willmott accounts for the "Holy Fair," and "Holy Willie's Prayer," by the coarse repulsiveness of the west of Scotland Presbyterianism! This High Church editor is plainly very ignorant alike of the character and the history of the Scottish Church.† A professed disciple of Wordsworth, he has not the magnanimity to follow his poetic master in the encomium he has passed on the Northern Creed, both in the "Excursion," and the "Ecclesiastical Sketches." An editor of the British Poets, and so presumed acquainted with the productions of British literature, he seems oblivious, to suit his theory, of all the fine pages in the writings of Professor Wilson and the Ettrick Shepherd, to which Scotland's national religion has given birth. He has left out of view the high, the unique place, which, in spite of grotesque and barbaric faults of style, Chalmers has won for himself among nineteenth-century celebrities.

In refutation of Mr. Willmott, let us take the greatest name in Scottish literature, the only name to which that of Robert Burns must stand second. Walter Scott was trained under strictly Presbyterian influences. He was only twelve years younger than Burns. He, therefore, must be ranked as very nearly a contemporary of the Ayrshire Bard. Three distinguished men, of purely English birth and training, have, since Scott's death, taken possession of one or other department of the field of those fictions which he, while living, occupied in undisputed pre-eminence. Take the general character of the tone in Scott's writings, and contrast it with that of Bulwer,

* Routledge's British Poets. Burns.

† Seemingly he has seen little of Scotland or of Scotchmen. We would recommend a few weeks' travel, but under the odium of this Life—*incognito*.

Thackeray, and Dickens. In one novel Scott allowed himself to do injustice to the Covenanters; but we are now dealing with his writings as a whole. No competent judge can deny that in Scott's writings there is to be found far more of reference to, and familiarity with, the Bible, than can be found in the works of those English fictionists who received the training of Mr. Willmott's model church, the Episcopal Hierarchy. Dickens never refers to Scripture at all, Thackeray rarely, and then to misquote it, while Bulwer loses alike himself and his readers in vague generalities, when he refers to religion; fond of alluding to ancient and continental, as well as British literature, the Sacred Book is to him an unquoted and apparently an unknown volume. Scott's training, alike in Bible and in Catechism, in his Edinburgh home and under Dr. Erskine's ministry, is seen in many a page of the writings which have won for him his world-wide fame.

We might refer to many instances, proving that the Scottish religion of the last century produced men of great accomplishments. It was a Scottish Presbyterian minister who, in his too short course, produced the poem of "The Grave." It was another, who, amid the multiplied avocations of a Glasgow parish, wrote those "Essays and Sermons" which have made the name of John McLaurin a household word with all who can appreciate vigorous thought, and style at once forcible and refined. It was a Scottish Presbyterian layman who, amid legal toils and judicial honours, gained a solid extra professional reputation for ecclesiastical lore as Lord Hailes. One Scottish manse gave birth to Dugald Stewart, another to Thomas Brown. In an Aberdeenshire minister's study were formed the views of "The Philosophy of Common Sense," which, after influencing metaphysical speculation, and counteracting sceptical error in this country for two generations, were, in our own time, laid hold of by the foremost of the French philosophers as an important element in all just mental science. To be a master, by their own confession, to such men as Jouffroy and Cousin, is something more than to be an elegant litterateur; Robert Willmott must take far lower rank than Thomas Reid. A far greater critic than Mr. Willmott—a critic of European reputation—M. Sainte-Beuve, has, in an Essay on Vinet, eloquently expressed how much he was struck with the Calvinistic simplicity of the great Swiss writer, when he paid him a visit at Lausanne. In Presbyterian simplicity there was to M. Sainte-Beuve nothing of the coarse or the repulsive. He accepted it as one phase, and a striking one, of evangelic manifestation. We are sorry to be obliged, in the interest of truth, to write strongly of this unhappy production of Mr. Willmott. He has written other works, in which scholarship and taste were happily blended. But his *Life of Burns* is a great and sad mistake. Mr. Routledge would do well to withdraw the volume from circulation, till a more competent writer be found to introduce Burns to English readers. The excellence of the type and engravings will not redeem the deformity of the *Life*.

THE LATE DOCTOR BUNTING.

As this eminent man, the *facile princeps* of modern Methodism, was a warm friend of our English Presbyterian Church, and was, moreover, animated by a truly catholic spirit, a few facts with regard to his life and career, coupled with some reminiscences of his funeral, may not be unacceptable to our readers.

Doctor Bunting was a native of Lancashire, the child of humble but pious parents,

and early gave himself to the service of Christ. Although born in the country, his parents removing into Manchester, a turn was thereby given to his destiny. He early attracted the attention of Dr. Perceval, President of a Literary Institute, who employed him as an amanuensis. He had thus abundant opportunity of acquiring knowledge, and he made large attainments. His patron was a Unitarian, and amongst a polished class of persons at Manchester, like-minded with Dr. Perceval, young Bunting moved constantly. But his religious faith was not shaken, and when twenty-one years of age he became a Methodist preacher. He attracted notice early, by his pulpit talents. His style was tasteful, fluent, and fervent. Dr. Leifchild, an aged and revered Independent minister in London, when speaking of his early reminiscences of Bunting's preaching, said that "he was an imitator of none, and his own style of preaching was inimitable."

But it was as a man of wisdom and counsel that this good man shone pre-eminent. While still young, he spoke with extraordinary ability in the Conference; and as an aged minister, Mr. Scott, who gave an address at his funeral, said, "Amongst others who observed young Bunting was the late Richard Watson, who remarked, 'He is a great man, and all that he does is done in the fear of God.'" His administrative ability and judicial clearness have been powerfully helpful to the consolidation and advancement of Wesleyanism all over the empire. He was the father and founder of the Foreign Missionary Society, whose income this year reached the large sum of £123,000, and whose agents are found in almost every part of the world. When schism was threatened in Conference, some years ago, by violent men (who *might* have seized the opportunity to agitate for a *lay* element in the Conference similar to our elders in Synod or Assembly, but *did not*), Bunting confronted the furious waves, like an unshaken rock. When the Evangelical Alliance was being formed, his counsels and voice in cases of difficulty were generally decisive in making matters plain, and, as the Senior Secretary of the Alliance since its formation in 1846, he has lent it his powerful, although quiet aid.

The English Wesleyans, although a strongly Conservative body both in politics and religion, sympathised from the first with the non-intrusion party in the Established Church of Scotland, sustaining their cause by petitions to the Legislature; and when a disruption was forced on the Evangelical majority, then, with unanimous enthusiasm, the Methodists rose up to their aid, opened their pulpits to the ministers, and stood by them on platforms, and helped them with large and liberal gifts, in their movements for providing new churches for expelled congregations. As Dr. Guthrie said, last May in Exeter Hall, Dr. Bunting was "*a statesman*." He saw the glorious principles and issues involved in the Free Church controversy, and his intense Evangelical sympathies burst through any barrier of a hereditary veneration for establishment, such as, alas! then made, and still makes the Episcopalian Evangelicals untrue to themselves.

With Chalmers he had a delightful interview, near the close of that great man's life, and at the period of his last visit to London, immediately before his death. The record of this interview will be found in the letters of Dr. Chalmers.

The funeral was a public one. Deputations from the Committees of the Bible, and of the various Missionary Societies, including the Church Missionary Society (represented by Mr. Venn, the secretary), and also a deputation from the Evangelical Alliance, including Sir C. E. Eardley, Bart., the President, and Dr. James Hamilton, were present, and formed part of the long procession which passed down the City-road. The most impressive part of the spectacle was the large body of Wesleyan ministers, who went two and two after the hearse. Arrived in front of the City-road Chapel, built by John Wesley (behind which lies his dust, as well as that of his brother Charles, and around whose walls are marble tablets to the memory of these worthies, as well as of such men as Dr. Adam Clarke, Dr. Coke, Fletcher of Madeley, and Richard Watson), the procession, with the coffin borne in front, entered the area, and passed into the spacious building, which was speedily filled by a sympathising congregation. Hymns were sung, prayers were offered, and lessons read suitable to the occasion. Then followed addresses, to which we have already referred. The body was then removed to the burying-ground, and the Church of England funeral service read; and as the solemn words, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," were uttered, the excellent Thomas Farmer, the treasurer of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, supported on the grave's brink by

the Rev. Robert Maguire, the Episcopal Incumbent of the parish, in whose bounds Dr. Bunting lived and died, dropped the eloquent mould on the coffin lid. Then, one after another, the three mourning sons, other relatives, with old companions in counsel and toil, and many young ministers who loved their "father" (as he was called in the burial service, the word, as at Wesley's funeral, changed from "brother"), took their last tearful look of the resting-place of this remarkable man.

We believe that the solemn event, coupled with the happy death-bed, and the oft-recalled and remembered life and labours of Bunting, will be overruled to revive the zeal and increase the unity of the faithful, wherever it is known. The funeral scene was most impressive. We recognised more and more, in connection with it, the real oneness of the people of God.

The modern Methodists are *not*, in any sense, Pelagian; even their Arminianism is qualified, and in the honour they put on a Saviour's sacrifice, on the doctrine of justification by faith only, and of the necessity of regeneration and sanctification by the Holy Spirit, coupled with their earnest and indefatigable labours for the extension of Christianity, prove them to be a noble band in the "sacramental host of God's elect." There is, of course, a certain degree of sectarianism, the *eidolon* of Methodism is not entirely shivered to pieces, and a very lengthened biographical and eulogistic *prayer* at the funeral service was painful to many (Methodists included, I doubt not); yet still our Wesleyan friends err rather in the *logic* of their theology than in their *heart* soundness of adhesion to the truth. The pious Methodist *on his knees*, is really, though unwittingly, a Calvinist, for his prayers prove that he feels his entire indebtedness to the sovereign grace of God.

Dr. Bunting's antipathy to heresy was as intense as his sympathies for the true Scriptural doctrine, especially in reference to the atonement, were strong. Some eighteen months ago, the writer accompanied the good old man to his home, after a lecture by Dr. M'Crie at Exeter Hall. With the lecture he was greatly pleased; its Protestantism as well as its Catholicity awakened his enthusiasm. The writer said to him, "Although there are considerable differences between you and Mr. Spurgeon, yet I presume you sympathise in the main with Mr. Spurgeon's teachings, and rejoice in the results?" To this he gave a most emphatic reply in the affirmative, and at the same time expressed his hearty detestation of what is known as "negative theology," a heresy which has found favour with some Dissenting ministers, and which is the highway to sectarianism itself.

The Wesleyan Conference wants an eldership, and more than this, an *elected* ministry; yet still it has *increasing* regard to the will and rights of the Christian people, and with true Presbyterian power and unity, marches on in a glorious career of spiritual victory. It exercises jurisdiction, at this moment, over nearly 3,000,000 of the English population.—J. W.

Miscellaneous Papers.

(Original and Selected.)

OLD SCHOOLS AND NEW.

MESSRS. THOMSON AND SCOTT.

T. WELL, Scott, what do you think of the diminished revenue of the school fund, and the retrenchment of the grants in consequence?

S. I think it not a good sign of our progress as a church. The school scheme is, in my opinion, second to none for usefulness or importance.

T. It seems as if the Foreign Mission

(excellent in its own place) somewhat deadened people's interest in matters nearer home.

S. Yet "he that provideth not for his own house" is a text largely (not forcedly) applicable here. Our church is not acting so as to get God's blessing in neglecting the young.

T. Nor is she acting in the spirit of John Knox. Of what avail thinking about celebrating the Tri-Centenary of the Scottish Reformation, if the

connection between church and school, so distinctive of that Reformation, be lightly esteemed?

S. With all the pressure of the times, the Free Church schemes more than keep their ground, as their accounts show. Why should not ours do the same?

T. The wisest men in the middle ages thought highly of the connection between church and school. The "Brethren of the Common Life," to whom on the Continent so much attention has been lately turned, were remarkable for their interest and practical improvement in education. The scanty notices we have in this respect of the ancient, and of what Isaac Taylor calls the "Martyr" Church, show the same thing.

S. Some would think that rather antiquated ground to take. Others, perhaps, would feel nervous at all mention of Germany or of the Fathers!

T. Those are most nervous about both subjects, perhaps, who know least about them!

S. If men only knew the improvement which, within the last twenty years, or less, through church effort in a great measure, education has received, they would support our noble school scheme better. It is not a subject for "dear" or "interesting" platform men to enlarge upon with the aid of white handkerchiefs or curled locks, but apart from sentiment the practical good is great and lasting.

T. It is, as you say, not enough known or considered. There is no romance about school at home!

S. I remember, Thomson, the school I attended when a boy, I had kind friends there, and other reasons to attach me to the place. But the school! Fancy a thatched building two stories high, "as old as the hills," as they say. The windows looked out on the churchyard, and one road to it was through that place of interment. The earth lay heaped up against the walls, making them always damp. The roof was about seven feet from the ground; that of the second story, where the teacher (a *lameter*, like many others, and chosen to be a teacher because unfit for other work) lived, was lower still. Seventy children in winter, and about fifty in summer, packed into this stifling unventilated room!

T. Those were times of the ante-Chadwickian period!

S. Yes. Mr. Chadwick, the *Stink-man*, as a friend of mine calls him, would

have been horrified to see the urchins and urchinesses of Slopeton crammed into such a den!

T. Does it still exist?

S. Still. But not as a school. It has reached the last stage of *house life*, in being let out into tenements for ragged Popish Irish. A most Hibernian *midden* flanks it on one side, and an equally Hibernian snuggerly for the pigs adorns the other end. Pat is quite at home, and any decent neighbours he may have are quite the reverse.

T. And how does Slopeton get on in the school way now?

S. O, we have a capital edifice, and equally capital teacher, with his head as sound as his legs! The children are no longer made reckless about death by going through an ill-kept graveyard. All about the school is attractive, as Dr. Chalmers used to say the externals of a school should be.

T. And Slopeton appreciates the change?

S. Of course Slopeton has its old stagers, and its grumblers, and its mischief-makers, as well as other places. But we have reason to be thankful, as my friends write me, for though I gave what I could afford to the building of the new school, I have not got to see it yet, that on the whole it is appreciated.

T. Our church has need of wary walking. There are many eyes, and some very unfriendly ones, on her. If true to herself, and true to her Divine Lord, she will let no scheme be in difficulties. Let us hope that September and October will, through the "Messenger," give good account of the collections for the school scheme.

THE CHILD-ANGEL.

THE Nelson Hotel was the largest and most fashionable house of resort in a town on the sea-shore, a popular watering-place, famous in the annals of the wealthy. It stood not far from the brink of the sounding sea, and commanded a prospect of surpassing beauty.

Among the very select few who came here for the purpose of invigorating and improving health, were a young couple by the name of Hayden. Harriet, the wife, was an interesting woman, not yet thirty, with a quiet, gentlemanly, and a voice whose every tone was music. She was of Puritan

extraction, and a sweet, practical Christian. But the sweetest creature in this beautiful group was Antoinette Hayden, a child of three years. She was not in flounces, or laces, or ribbons. Her little limbs were unfettered by fashion, and had the freest play; her ways were all natural: her walk, and talk, and play were as a child's walk, and talk, and play should be.

Loose Ben was an uncouth caricature of a human being, of some sixteen years of age, slouching in his dress, dirty, sometimes ragged, bearing all the gibes put upon him with sullen mien and stoical silence. He shuffled, looked suspiciously at everybody from under his eyebrows, shrank from every human voice, never seemed to care whether they called him fool or knave, and only cared to gather his loose limbs together in some sunny place after his services were over for the day, and think—what could the poor outcast think? He was a German, and possibly never knew his parentage; he would not say whether he had any father or mother. It was his duty to make fires in the rooms of those who were invalids, in the early morning, and for this purpose the father of little Antoinette employed him; for though it was summer time, yet the chill air of the sea made the early morning raw and cold.

So, with an armful of wood, Loose Ben wended his way to No. 56, a large room on the second floor. As he entered, Mr. Hayden glanced up from his dressing table, and followed his lazy motions with his eye for a moment. Little Antoinette sat on the floor by the bedside, half covered with the lace curtains that fell like spray over her spiritual face and figure. She too, looked on earnestly, suspending her play for a moment, and then, as his labour progressed, she stood by his side. He gazed towards her, and seemed paralysed into greater stupidity at her sweet smile. She did not mock him, scream out, or spring from him, as other children did, nor call him unfeeling names; but, as she stood there with a saintly light on her brow, she laid one white, dimpled hand on his ragged sleeve, and with winning voice asked, "*Does you love God?*"

He was too much startled for the moment to speak, but the great shining eyes beamed into his, and again that voice of surpassing

beauty asked, "*Does you love God?*" He looked up, he looked down awkwardly, and in his broad Dutch dialect said, half sheepishly, "Ya-as."

"*Does you pray to God in the morning?*" persisted the little one, still keeping her hand upon him—and he in the same voice answered, "Ya-as."

Then the little one seemed satisfied; she danced and capered about—chatted with this coarse, boorish boy—watched the curling flame as it ascended, and built, all unconsciously, a fire of love and gratitude on the altar of that uncultivated heart.

The season went on, and Nettie's mother improved in health. The thin figure rounded out, the pale cheeks grew flushed, and she took long walks and drives along the quiet beach. Every morning when Loose Ben came up to build the fire, that dear little voice would say, "*Does you love God?*" and when he had answered with his stereotyped "Ya-as," she would add in precisely the same words as before, "*Does you pray to God in the morning?*" and again with that stupid, wondering look, he would say "Ya-as." But there was a change visible in poor Ben. Gradually, the rough, heavy locks were trained to fall back from his low, but full brow; his wood-coloured face grew clean, and his hands showed marks of attention. By some mysterious process his clothes were mended, and little by little Loose Ben seemed to emerge from his loutish shell into a region of more thought and freer scope. The hotel loungers still jeered him, still called him all kinds of strange and original names, but he did not mind them; and had one seen him going up to his daily duty to room fifty-six, a smile might have been detected lighting up his homely face, till it was almost handsome. And as he entered day after day, came the same questions about love and prayer.

One Sabbath morning, a never-to-be-forgotten day, for I am telling no story of fiction, dear reader, the rap came as usual at room fifty-six, and when the door was opened, in walked Loose Ben, worthy of the name no longer. He brought the wood not in his usual way, but in a basket, and, wonder of wonders! he was attired in a neat grey suit, from head to foot, and under his left arm he carried a straw hat, bound

with black ribbon. Leisurely he went up to the hearth-stone, and leisurely set the kindlings and the wood in their place. Then he turned round and looked for Antoinette. A little voice came from under the curtains—"Benny, does you love God? Does you pray in the morning?"

The boy drew his hands before his eyes, and as Nettie made herself visible, he went towards her, and fell upon his knees at her feet.

"You dear little angel," he sobbed, taking her dimpled hand, and covering it with kisses; "every morning you ask me that, and every morning I lie to you. Yes, I lie to you; for I love no God as you say. Then you ask me if I pray every morning, and I lie to you again, and keep lying to you, because I didn't know no better; because I poor Dutch boy. But this morning, you dear little angel, I tell you I love God. I tell you I pray to God—yes, I love—I pray," he added, the tears running down his coarse cheeks, while Mr. and Mrs. Hayden stood looking on full of astonishment. "You made me go to God, you little angel you; you make me pray to God, and I tell you no lie any longer."

Tears choked his utterance. Antoinette, scarcely knowing what it all meant, stood looking gravely towards him, a childish wonder in her face, until John Hayden snatched her from the floor and folded her with many kisses to his bosom.

* * * * *

The scene changes to a handsome dwelling in the city. Snow lies on all the streets, white and glistening: the naked trees, the grey caps of the houses, the iron railings, all are robed in a shroud of a winter day. Ah! some cold wind, some snow has entered that house; the white drapery of the windows is unlifted; children go in and come out again with sorrowful faces; the passing traveller looks mournfully up as he wanders by; there must be gloom in that house; yes, the white snow of death lays upon the forehead of an only child.

She is in her coffin now, with roses above her pale bosom, and the little silver plate says, "Antoinette Hayden, aged seven." What! is her mission done so soon? 'Tis even so!

In a darkened chamber sat the mother

of this lovely flower, bearing her grief alone with God. No sigh broke from her bosom, no tear fell from her eye; she looked calm, she was calm; but resigned as she evidently was, grief, deeper than could find any outlet, lay heavy at her heart.

Rising up after her long vigil, she went noiselessly down stairs towards the room where her child slept the long last sleep. As she was entering, a voice struck her ear, as if some long-remembered music had just sounded; the chord vibrated against her heart. She paused; the voice asked for Antoinette—little Antoinette Hayden—and another voice mournfully murmured the sad truth.

"Dead!" exclaimed the stranger—"little angel dead!"

And then came feet along the passage, and a tall dark man stood before her.

"You do not know me, Mrs. Hayden," he said, as, after a moment, striving to possess his self-command, he spoke.

"I do not, indeed," replied the bereaved mother, in low tones.

"Ah! my dear madam, I am he whom your child's artless questions, morning after morning, pierced to the heart; I am poor Loose Ben. Day and night have the lovely features of that angel babe been before my vision. Every morning the clear sweet tones have sounded on my ear—"Does you love God?"—and O! I have come to find her in heaven." He bowed his head and wept, then softly followed the mourning mother into the shaded parlour. Death had not even kissed the freshness from the lips of the sweet child: as if he had no power to mar such loveliness, he had not drawn one blue tint along the marble temples, or under the closed eyes. Death had not stolen one line of beauty from that heavenly face—it smiled in spite of death.

"O! Antoinette—dear little Antoinette," sobbed the strong man—"you found me in ignorance, and you were the first one to lead me to my Saviour; on your infant breath my name was first carried up to Christ. O! my lamb, canst thou not look down upon me, and see me bend over thy lifeless clay? But the tomb cannot hold thee, my darling, thank God!—the tomb cannot hold thee, infant disciple. Already is she up there!" he cried, lifting his stream-

ing eyes. "The brightness of thy glory, O, Lord God of hosts, falls upon her temples. She hath led souls to thee, mighty Redeemer, and thou wilt give her a crown of life."

He ceased, and bowed his head upon the coffin. What oration before crowned monarchs ever reached the sublimity of this man's suffering over the dead form of a little child? He had been converted through her ministrations, he had entered the gospel ministry, he counted those who believed on Jesus through his faith and his ministry; and he laid his trophies, in the name of Jesus, beside the gentle child who had taught him Christ.

Reader, I have not written fiction. The dust of the child has slept in the green graveyard, where the flowers are springing to-day, twenty-three years. Twenty-three years she has been a seraph in glory. Twenty-three years she has looked upon Jesus, her Saviour and her Redeemer. O! what do you and I seem beside this beautiful seraph? Though we drink of the fountains of earthly wisdom, we cannot attain to a tithe of that divine knowledge that fills her cup of bliss this day. Twenty-three years in the presence of the Lord of life, going up and down the steps of light—walking and talking with angels—pure, consecrate, holy!

And may not you and I win some stars to our crowns of eternal rejoicings? Is there no poor Ben within our reach, into whose deaf ears we could whisper the tidings of life and peace? "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they who turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

MISQUOTATIONS.

"In the words of Scripture, 'They roll sin as a sweet morsel under the tongue.'"

This I heard in a sermon not many weeks since. There is no such language in the Bible; it is a traditional quotation, and false as a figure, for we do not put sweet morsels *under* the tongue, as we all know if we would stop to think.

The nearest approach to this is in Job xx. 12: "Though wickedness be sweet in his mouth, though he hide it under his tongue."

Another:

"He will convince the world of sin, of

righteousness, and of judgment to come." The true reading is, "He will reprove the world of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment." The words *to come* are in another connection. Paul "reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and a judgment to come."

THE AMERICAN SPURGEON.

"THE following description of a visit to Mr. Beecher's church in New York (says the *Church Chronicle*), written by a resident artist at Brooklyn, June 26, 1858, has been forwarded to us by a correspondent:—

"Last Sunday, I went with a friend to hear the celebrated Henry Ward Beecher preach. He is the American 'Spurgeon.' Long before we reached the door of the church I noticed crowds of people thronging in that direction; the street was so crowded that I could scarcely believe what I saw. Seeing the multitudes around the door, I asked, 'Where are all the people going?' 'Now,' said my friend, 'this will give you an idea what Henry Ward Beecher is, for *three times every Sunday* does the same thing happen! Three times every Sunday do these countless throngs gather to hear the eloquence of this man, of which you can have no idea, unless you hear it from his own lips.' We found the passages crowded to overflowing, every bannister, step, and window literally blocked up. I managed by some shoving and pushing to get a hole between a multitude of arms and hats to poke my head through, and thus contrived to get a peep at the interior of this extraordinary church, theatre, or whatever you like to call it. Well, my head being forced through this aperture, I began to look down on the swarms of heads and bonnets beneath, and then around the galleries of this novel church, which he built himself, constructed exactly like a theatre, with pit, boxes, and stage complete! After drawing breath, and looking in vain for something in the shape of a chair (as I was in rather delicate health) or a bench, I asked Dr. P., 'Who is that old gentleman in the pit below?'—'Beecher's father.' 'Where is Beecher?'—'You will see him emerge from that door at the back of the platform immediately.' In breathless attention I waited the appearance of that man of whom I had read and heard so much. So still was the assemblage that I could hear my own heart beat with

expectation. Suddenly the subterraneous door opened, and forth came, as if rising from the tomb, Henry Ward Beecher!!! A flutter of ladies' fans, and a suppressed buzz of voices, announced his arrival.

"I confess I was very much surprised and disappointed with his personal appearance. Of his views regarding religion I knew nothing, never meddling with other men's notions concerning this delicate subject; but I describe the man as he was presented to me in his earthly shape. First, I thought it was a woman dressed up; then that it was a man with a woman's head; after a careful scrutiny I imagined it a man with a wax face and false hair. I thought of everything to which I could liken it, but nothing would do, and then I tried to believe that it was Henry Ward Beecher!

"Now for the church. In the first place, there was no pulpit, no pews, no desk, no clergyman. Nothing but a man standing upon a platform, with long hair placed behind his ears. In front of the pit was a platform resembling a stage, on the which reposed a table, containing a huge Bible and a hymn-book. When he appeared the organ played the air of a hymn; and when the sweet music ceased, Beecher commenced reading the hymn over to the congregation. Never did the words of any poetry sink so deeply into my soul as those simple sentences read by that man, whose every breath is a spark of fire! I might have read that hymn a thousand times without any great impression of its sublimity, but every word and every syllable seemed to float through the church with such deep pathos that even the singing of the choir, beautiful as it was, was nothing to the reading of those Divine words—

'Nearer to Thee! Nearer to Thee!'

"He now commenced a prayer, with his eyes closed, talking like one in a dream. Then came a chapter in the New Testament: the reading wonderfully clear, and expressive of deep thought and study. Afterwards another beautiful hymn, and then another prayer. During all this time nothing but the intense excitement kept me on my legs for three hours. I poked my head through the crowd, endeavouring to procure a sketch of Mr. Beecher, but nothing could I find in the shape of paper or fly-leaf, nor even a pencil, in that terrible corner near the door. However, in the interval between the last hymn and sermon, I contrived to procure the necessary arti-

cles; but if the sketch is defective, please to remember my position, also the effect of late fever and ague upon an artist's hand. But now a great excitement prevailed among the audience; I strained my eyes and neck to see what it was. Mr. Beecher had taken off his great coat, and prepared to commence one of his immortal sermons. The text was from the close of the beautiful chapter in Romans—'Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?' He began by talking slowly, and in a studied, solemn manner, still standing at the table, with one finger on the text; then, as he warmed up with the subject, he moved first one arm, and then the other, till at length, oppressed and bewildered by the power of his wonderful imagination, and completely absorbed in his own world of thought, he began to walk about the platform, striking the air, stamping his feet, going over the whole of the chapter—sometimes shouting at the top of his manly voice, then subsiding into subdued language—till, at last, as his ideas began to press too thickly upon him, bursting out into such peals of thunder! such oratory! such similes! such attitudes!! At this time, no sound was among the vast assembly; not one breath, but seemed to mar the silence of the place. Nothing was seen, nor heard, and the soul-stirring voice of Beecher, *and his everlasting hair behind his ears!* No one coughed, no one moved; I saw nothing around me, or beneath me; I could not tell you who sat on my right hand or on my left—for I saw nothing but Beecher's form, and heard nothing but that deep voice, which bore me on wherever its boundless spirit chose to soar."

GET A HOME.

GET a home; rich or poor, get a home, and learn to love that home, and make it happy to wife and children by your presence; learn to love simple pleasures, flowers of God's own planting, and music of his own—the birds, wind, and waterfall. So shall you help to stem the tide of desolation, poverty, and despair, that comes upon so many through scorn of little things. O, the charm of a little home! comforts dwell there that shun the gilded halls of society. Live humbly in your little house, and look to God for a grander one.

INTEMPERANCE.

It is now past midnight. The great mass of the community, wearied by work, have gone to sleep, and are wrapped in refreshing repose. But even now that silence is broken, and the whole neighbourhood is disturbed by what is surely the voice of a man; yet is more like the bellowing of a beast. We need scarcely say those savage roars are the blasphemous boastings of a drunken fool—the wild and wicked ravings of a self-created lunatic. Satan thus proclaims his sovereignty over man's heart, and the music of hell pollutes the atmosphere of earth. How many awful imprecations has that poor sinner poured out this night into the ear of God! What a black catalogue of crime will startle his slumbering conscience when placed before the judgment seat of Christ! Drunkenness is the first step, but how many sins and sorrows follow in its train? What a scene will open in a few minutes, when he staggers into his house to wreak his raging passions on a broken-hearted wife, or startle in terror those poor children whom God and nature teach him to love, but whom the devil and drink have taught him to torment! How long are such scenes to last? "A little while will do it now," was the sad saying of one by whom we stood in vain remonstrance, his insatiable thirst craving for more, despite of Nature's warning that death was near. "No chloroform, for my constitution cannot bear it now!" were the terms on which, as we passed, a noble wreck of humanity was consenting, the other day, to enter the hospital, in which, two days after, he died of *delirium tremens*. "Of all men on earth, I, sir, am the most miserable," said another, in the same place, as we sat by his bedside, and saw one—once a *gentleman and a scholar*, now a drunkard, a pauper, and a self-murderer, for spared from that attack in which we saw him, he recovered to fall again, and perish by his own hand. Nor is it more than a month since, in one street, the remains of a son, drowned through drink, were brought home to a widowed mother; the body of a husband was presented to his wife, with the head nearly dismembered by his own hand, while in the horrors; and as his funeral turned the corner, it was met by a crowd carrying home to a young widow the corpse of her husband, who, after a drunken carouse, had drowned himself.

How long are such scenes to last? We ask the sober and the serious, the man of piety and influence, the minister and the master, the employer and the parent, the magistracy and the government. Are such scenes to be observed and forgotten—furnishing a fee to the coroner, and a soul to the devil—but no lesson of wisdom or of warning to the community? When a number

of educated men can meet in a room adjoining the death-bed of a boon companion, and, whilst resolved to wait for his last, *could sit down and drink till he died, and till some of themselves were drunk*, we confess we fear God has given many of our community over to a reprobate mind, and that human agency may cease in despair. The salvation of a drunkard we regard as a miracle of God's mercy—a miracle, too, like all others, seldom wrought. Let us, then, look to the sober, and try, above all, to guard the young. Let the use of spirits, as a beverage, be laid aside by all who desire the glory of God, the safety of the soul, the health of the body, the happiness of the household, the hopes of the young, the morality of society, the welfare of the community, and the universal spread of pure and undefiled religion. Let there be no countenance given to the drinking customs of the country, and in this social reform let the children of God lead the way. By example, influence, and effort, and by every motive of religious principle, Christian expediency, social economics, and even self interest, let us combine to discountenance drunkenness, promote temperance, stem the tide of sin, and increase the current of holiness—overturn this degrading and damning despotism of Satan, and establish the glorious supremacy of Christ.—*Irish Presbyterian*.

A PRAYER.

After this manner, therefore, pray ye: Our Father, &c.—*MATH. vi. 9.*

To thee, O Father, Lord of Heaven,
Maker of angels and of men!
To thy great name be glory given;
And let each heart respond Amen.
O may thy sovereign sway of grace
Extend, and stretch from sea to sea;
That all thy sons of Adam's race
May own it, and be own'd by thee.
As angels round the Heav'nly throne
Await to execute thy will,
So may thy creatures here anon
Thy wise and kind intents fulfil.
Thou Author of each earthly good,
Who deign'st to hear the raven's cry,
And fill the lion's young with food,
Do thou our daily wants supply.
Our sins against thee we confess,
And humbly thy forgiveness crave;
As we forgive them that transgress
'Gainst us, and pray thou mayst them save.
And when temptation's path we tend,
And evils hover round our way,
Do thou us from them all defend,
And oh! permit us not to stray.
For thine the kingdom is, the power
And glory, Lord, belong to thee,
For ever and for evermore.
Amen, so let it be. W. S.
Manchester, July 9th, 1858.

SUNDAY AND WEEKDAY RELIGIONS.

THE tides come twice a day in New York harbour, but they only come once in seven days in God's harbour of the sanctuary. They rise on Sunday but ebb on Monday, and are down and out all the rest of the week. Men write over their store door, "Business is business," and over the church door, "Religion is religion," and they say to religion, "Never come in here," and to business, "Never go in there." "Let us have no secular things in the pulpit," they say, "we get enough of them through the week in New York. There all is stringent and biting selfishness, and knives, and probes, and lancets, and hurry and work, and worry. Here we want repose, and sedatives, and healing balm. All is prose over there; here let us have poetry. We want to sing hymns and to hear about heaven and Calvary; in short, we want the pure Gospel without any worldly admixture." And so they desire to spend a pious, quiet Sabbath, full of pleasant imaginings and peaceful recollections; but when the day is gone all is laid aside. They will take by the throat the first debtor whom they meet and exclaim, "Pay me what thou owest. It is Monday." And, when the minister ventures to hint to them something about their duty to their fellow-men, they say, "Oh, you stick to your preaching. You do not know how to collect your own debts, and cannot tell what a man may have to do in his intercourse with the world." God's law is not allowed to go into the week. If the merchant spies it in his store he throws it over the counter. If the clerk sees it in the bank he kicks it out at the door. If it is found in the street the multitude pursue it, pelting it with stones, as if it were a wolf escaped from a menagerie, and shouting, "Back with you! You have got out of Sunday." There is no religion in all this. It is mere sentimentalism. Religion belongs to every day—to the place of business as much as to the church. High in an ancient belfry there is a clock, and once a week the old sexton winds it up; but it has neither dial-plate nor hands. The pendulum swings, and there it goes, ticking, ticking, day in and day out, unnoticed and useless. What the old clock is in its dark chamber, keeping time to itself, but never showing it, that is the mere sentimentality of religion, high above life, in the region of airy thought; perched up in the top of Sunday, but without dial or pointer to let the week know what o'clock it is, of time or of eternity.—*American Paper.*

CONSOLATION.

ART thou not sadly weary? Answer me, Mariner, what thinkest thou, when the waters beat
Thy frail bark backward from the wished-for harbour?
Oh, brother! though innumerable waves
Shall seem to rise betwixt me and my home,
I know that they are numbered; not one less
Should bear me homeward, if I had my will;
For One, who knows what tempests are to weather,
O'er whom there broke the wildest billows once,
He bids these waters swell. In His good time
The last rough wave shall bear me on its bosom
Into the haven of eternal peace.
No billows after! *They are numbered*, brother.
Oh, gentle mariner, steer on, steer on;
My tears still fall for thee, but they are tears
In which faith strives with grief and overcomes.

HABITS.

LIKE flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed; no single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit, a man's character; but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountain, and overwhelms the inhabitant, so passion, acting upon the elements of mischief, which pernicious habits have brought together by imperceptible accumulation, may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue.

WHAT OUR FOREFATHERS THOUGHT OF TOBACCO.

THE following is extracted from the proceedings and debates in the House of Commons:—"Wednesday, April 18, 1621. Sir William Stroud moved that he 'would have tobacco banished wholly out of the kingdom, and that it may not be brought in from any part nor used amongst us;' and Sir Grey Palmes said, 'that if tobacco be not banished, it will overthrow one hundred thousand men in England; for now it is so common that he hath seen ploughmen take it as they are at plough.'"

Missions.

LETTER FROM THE REV. DAVID SANDEMAN.

Amoy, June 2nd, 1858.

To the Convener of the Foreign Mission Committee.

DEAR SIR,—We have still to record the mercy and kindness of God towards the missionaries and native Christians of Amoy and the neighbourhood. No disturbance or any annoyance has been permitted to touch us, though war has been carrying on to the south, and we believe now to the north, of this station.

The death of the wife of one of the American missionaries seemed, and has been, a great loss. She met with the Chinese women for prayer and the reading of the Scriptures once a week, and was much beloved and looked up to by them. But he, in whose hands are all events for the good of his church, knoweth how to bring spiritual blessing out of temporal trial. The large number of Chinese who followed the earthly remains to their last resting-place were deeply moved—many in tears. And since then there has been a marked quickening among the native brethren; and there may have been a looking more closely to their “lamps,” and a firmer “girding up of their loins,” lest the “Son of Man,” the glorious bridegroom, should come on them suddenly. Inquirers have been led to a deeper searching of heart, seeing that death, to all out of Christ, is but the prelude to everlasting woe, and *this* may arrive on them at any moment of any day.

Among other hopeful cases, I understand that five Chinese women are applicants for baptism in Amoy at present. We may not complain when Jesus removes well established believers, even though they be missionaries or their help-mates, when He causes many to stand up in their room, new precious souls from among the heathen.

Nor let any one remain at home merely for the sake of mercantile relations, how dear soever they may be to them. While the departed sister in Jesus lay a dying here—having quitted a home in America, the only converted child, I believe, out of a large family—What was God doing in that house? The father, if a Christian, had been buried in, and the seed all but choked by, the cares of this life, his soul

then got a quickening; the old praying mother called it a *baptism*, which she believed would remain in him even to the end. The eldest brother of the family had been hopefully converted, and the youngest daughter, and many acquaintances. Faithful is he that hath promised.

I lately paid a visit to *Chiohbey*, the country church of the American brethren. Mr. Talmage was going for the communion season, and I accompanied him. The situation somewhat resembles that of *Pechua*. It stands upon a river, with pretty high hills in various directions around it.

Six or eight of the believers had come over from *Pechua*, and some from *Behpih*, having walked on the Saturday twenty miles, those from the latter place twelve.

The teacher from *Chang-chow*, of whom you have already heard, was also present and gave proof of having advanced considerably in the knowledge of divine truth. Indeed some hoped that he had found the pardon of his sins. His countenance was changed, and he was like a man who had been relieved of the heaviest of all burdens—unforgiven guilt. But time alone can test the reality of the work in his soul. ‘I the Lord search the hearts.’ As a stranger coming among the brethren at *Chiohbey* what had chiefly struck him was, ‘How these Christians love one another!’

On the opposite side of the same table at evening worship sat a man who has for eight or nine years been hanging about the door of Christ’s house, trying to enter in, *but has not been able*. And for why? Because he would serve God and Mammon, he would fain make a gain of godliness. How many at home thus strive to enter into the straight gate, and thus are *never able*.

May England beware, lest by her love of Mammon in sending her Indian grown opium to China, she has to answer to God for many, many bodies and souls ruined by her means.

Hoping and believing that the church at home will continue to plead on behalf of the brethren and of myself,

I remain,

Yours, very sincerely,

DAVID SANDEMAN.

FROM REV. CARSTAIRS DOUGLAS.

Shanghai, 14 June, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,—I date from this place on a tour of two or three weeks, which I am taking by the advice of the older Amoy missionaries, so as to be well prepared for the long summer: the heat is already begun in the south, but the climate is still cooler here; in a few days the summer will have fairly set in here also, and I shall, God willing, return to Amoy, refreshed not only in body but also in spirit by the sight of so many brethren labouring earnestly in the mission work, and by the progress of God's work here. The missionaries enjoy much more liberty than at any other port. It is a most remarkable fact, that while war has been raging at the two extremities of the empire, at the same time missionaries have been staying openly in European dress, and preaching publicly at two large and important cities, each of them *the chief city of a county*, and each *sixty or seventy miles* from Shanghai; and staying there and preaching for *months in succession* with the most perfect freedom. One of these cities is Chang-Shuh, on the road towards Nankin; the other is Ping-Hoo, about half-way to Hang-chau: these cities, *Chang-Shuh* and *Ping-Hoo*, are occupied by missionaries of the American Episcopal and the London Society respectively. At the latter the Rev. G. Johns and his family have been residing publicly for two months without let or hindrance, and he has there baptized six adults and five children. A large house is rented as a chapel and dwelling-house, and there are a large number of candidates.

In the immediate neighbourhood of Shanghai, also, there are several villages where a great interest has been excited, especially among the women, and a Church will probably soon be formed among these simple villagers.

Much need there is of zealous labourers, for, not to speak of causes common to other parts, the Church of Rome is very powerful and active here: its college, about three miles from this, contains nearly ninety students; within a few miles round, its native priests are counted by hundreds, and its members by many thousands. In connection with the operations in the north, it has been learned that priests reside constantly in the very suburbs of Peking. Compared with facts like these, it is mournful to see the inertness of Evangelical Churches. I

fear people at home delude themselves with the imagination that the tons of Bibles circulated serve as a substitute for the living voice: it is a most grievous error; the due proportion of the dead letter for the living voice has been ludicrously distorted, and yet it is only in very rare cases that any one has been interested by the volumes so lavishly scattered. Oh! that the churches at large would awake and send men of God to take possession of this opening land; for still, as of old, it is by the foolishness of preaching that God is pleased to save them that believe.

The mission at Amoy has sustained a heavy loss in the return to America of Mr. and Mrs. Jeralmon in bad health: it will be interesting to many of your readers to hear that the same Christian nurse (Boo-a) who visited Britain with Mr. Burns is now accompanying them to the States. I accompanied them to the ship at this port a few days ago.

Perhaps you may have forgot the Chinese servant who came out in the same vessel with Mr. Burns and myself. I have been delighted to find him here one of the most useful of the native preachers in Shanghai.

CARSTAIRS DOUGLAS.

FROM THE REV. W. C. BURNS.

Swatow, June 9th, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,—Dr. De la Porte is at last about to leave us. He was here seeing patients yesterday as I suppose for the last time, and to-morrow, if the Lord will, I go down to Double Island to see him away to Hong Kong, where he expects to find a ship in which to return to England. His assistance here during the past two years has been of the greatest value to us, and we part with him not without a pang of bereavement. As, however, he thinks that his duty to his family demands his return, we cannot too strongly urge his remaining with us longer. May the blessing of the Lord accompany and rest upon him wherever his lot is cast, and may the fruit of his prayers and labours in behalf of this people be found after many days. I send down with him a set of bills for £70 sterling, that Mr. Ashmore may be able to supply him with any small sum that he may want before his departure. I shall be left alone when he is gone until some other instrument is sent to aid in

the Lord's work. Knowing, as I do, the difficulties of this position, and the spiritual dangers attending a residence among such a society as this field presents, I am slow to ask any one to come here. The Lord of the Harvest knows who are fitted by his grace for such a service, and to Him we would look for help and for fellow-labourers. You will be sorry to hear that Mr. Douglas has been obliged to go to Shanghai for a change of air: I have written to him suggesting that he might return by

Swatow, and spend some time, it might be with advantage to his health, at Double Island. When I wrote thus I did not expect that we should lose Dr. De la Porte so soon. I shall hope again to write to you as soon as I hear from Hong Kong of Dr. De la Porte's actual departure, and meantime pleading to be remembered at the throne of grace by the people of God,

I am, ever yours,

WM. C. BURNS.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the Presbyterian Messenger.

THE COLLEGE.

19, Crooms Hill, Greenwich,

17th August, 1858.

DEAR SIR,—Many thanks for inserting the circular, which, as you observe, I “unfortunately found it necessary to issue on assuming the Honorary Treasurership of our College Fund.”

When turning over some papers, the other day, I found a copy of my circular note of 1st of November, 1856, when getting up the inaugural *dinner* to Dr. M'Crie. Towards its close it contains the following sentence: “These tickets” (which I was then sending out) “are intended for those who may feel inclined to participate in this tribute of hearty welcome to one whose accession to the professorship of our college we all have so much reason to hail with satisfaction, and from which we may anticipate so much good.”

And as that inaugural dinner was, at the time, considered rather a successful affair—for we ate, we drank, we harangued, and we cheered the professor in great style, and were, in fact, as near the boiling point as it is possible to bring our countrymen. I could not refrain from contrasting our warmth of that time with our coolness now.

How we have got on to the coldest part of the *hob*, I cannot tell; but certain it is that I have sent out no less than five hundred of the circulars you so kindly gave publicity to last month, but have received only *five* effectual replies.

As it cannot be overlooked, however, that *quarter-day*, 29th September, intervenes between this and the period set apart for the annual collection for the College Fund, in November, I have to beg that if any of my co-Presbyters are meditating subscriptions, they will be good enough to send them in before Michaelmas.

Cash on hand, at present, £16 1s. 8d. Responsibilities for salaries and house-rent (exclusive of the expense of removal) on the 29th September £233 6s. 8d.

I remain, dear sir,

Yours, very faithfully,

ARCH. T. RITCHIE,

Hon.-Treasurer, College Fund.

OUR CHURCHES ON THE SOUTH COAST.—BOURNEMOUTH.

London, August, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,—At this delightful season of the year, when so many of our families leave the stifling atmosphere of towns and cities to breathe the fresh air of the country and the sea-coast, I hope it will not be forgotten by them that we have now churches of our own communion established in several of the most frequented watering-places of the south-coast, and that, *ceteris paribus*, such localities have a special claim upon their attention and favour.

I wish we had a footing in more of these

pleasant places of summer and autumn resort; in particular in Dover, Hastings, Ryde, and Weymouth; and I have no doubt that our energetic church-extensionist, the minister of St. Andrew's, Southampton, will be able to effect a lodgment in most of them ere long. The coming Presbytery of the south of England will, doubtless, include them all. But in the meanwhile, let us congratulate ourselves that we have Presbyterian settlements happily established in Brighton, Portsmouth, Southampton, and Bournemouth; and let our friends not be unmindful of this fact when they are choosing their summer and autumn quarters.

Let me put in a word in particular on behalf of Bournemouth, where I have just been enjoying with my family a delightful sojourn of six weeks. Your readers are all already aware that by the energetic and persevering exertions of Mr. McMillan, an iron church has recently been erected there. The site is most happily chosen, in the very heart of the place, at a point where five or six ways meet, and where its pretty twin-towers can be seen, and its tinkling bell can be heard from every part of the valley. It is really a most tasteful and comfortable church, and promises, with a ministration of the gospel so acceptable and useful as Mr. McMillan's, to be a great blessing to the locality. With high Puseyism rampant in the parish church, and no hope of any change for the better in that quarter, but the contrary, "The Scotch Church," as it is always called by the people, has already become and promises to be more and more, as the population increases, a place of refuge and resort to Evangelical members of the Church of England. It is no unusual thing to see several clergymen of that church worshipping within its walls at one time. I had myself an English clergyman for one of my hearers for several Sabbaths; and on another occasion I saw not only the same gentleman, but his brother (also a clergyman), his mother, and several other relations listening to an excellent discourse on the family of Bethany, by Mr. McMillan. At the dispensation of the communion on the second Sabbath of August, we saw a sight as rare as it was interesting and beautiful. The pastor had explained before-hand from the pulpit, that the table which was about to be spread was not man's table but the Lord's; and had invited all the Lord's people of every name who wished to participate in its blessings to come freely forward. The invitation was taken in the same spirit in which it was given. The communion was one not only of Presbyterians, but of Episcopalians, Moravians, Baptists, Methodists, and In-

dependents besides, all eating of the same blessed bread, all drinking of the same holy cup, and all alike thankful that they were admitted to the precious privilege of commemorating and appropriating anew the one great common sacrifice.

Of the natural attractions and charms of the place I need not speak to any one who has ever visited it. Once seen and enjoyed, it must photograph itself upon the memory for ever; to others I would only say, go and see. I have seen many of the watering-places of England, but never one so enjoyable as Bournemouth. You have there presented to you in combination, features of scenery and scenes of out-of-door enjoyment, which are only to be had separately almost everywhere else. You have wood as well as water, the shady grove as well as the sunny beach, the solitary walk as well as the frequented promenade, "the seat beneath the shade" as well as the seat perched upon the breezy cliff, with the blue sky overhead, and the blue wave below. You have both the sheltered valley and the wide wind-swept moor, the covered walk and the open heath, alcoves of laurel and couches of "bonny blooming heather." Beattie has a fine stanza in his *Minstrel* which groups together, so far as I can recollect,

"The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves and garniture of fields,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the orient beam of morning gilds,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven."

And of all these scenic features, the only one that is wanting in Bournemouth is the mountain. But to make amends for the want, it has the distant hills of Dorsetshire, and the noble headlands of Purbeck, and the Isle of Wight, with their picturesque "needles;" while in other respects, its scenery has much more of the Scottish type, which was doubtless what Beattie had in his eye, than one would expect to see in the south of England. With all these beauties and attractions to recommend it, in addition to the less sentimental advantages of excellent bathing, and a good stud of donkeys for the service of the rising generation, it is no wonder that Bournemouth is rising rapidly into fame. Every year sees it grow steadily in extent, and I cannot doubt that Presbyterian families will find their way thither, as well as others, in increasing numbers. From my own experience, I can take upon me to promise them all a hearty welcome, and an acceptable ministration of the gospel, at the hands of my respected brother, the minister of St. Andrew's Scotch Church.

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

PETER LORIMER.

EFFORTS OF THE HOME MISSION COMMITTEE.

MR. EDITOR,—I am a true-blue English Presbyterian; I am heart and soul interested in the well-being and progress of the English Presbyterian church. I love other churches, but, on the principle of charity beginning at home, in none can I feel that interest which I feel towards the Zion in which I dwell. Ever since I knew her true position and character, I have watched her movements with intensest interest; have rejoiced in her prosperity, and sorrowed in her adversity.

Still, who will deny that there is much work to be done in order to render her, in every respect, worthy of her past, and a hopeful seedling of a glorious future. Everybody knows something of her past history, of the revered names which adorned her, and, without being at all over sanguine, or ridiculously enthusiastic, I have no hesitation in saying, that, before a great many years elapse, before some of the heads now seen in our pulpits be laid low in the dust, she might be no longer the "small among the thousands of Israel," as the phrase is, but equal in numbers to some of her more boastful sisters. I have not time to enlarge upon this, I will only ask those who sneer at our extravagance, to tell us how many towns in England contain a Presbyterian population sufficient to fill, or to be the nucleus of, *one* Presbyterian church? Or, better still, tell us how many towns there are which do *not* contain such an element in their population? Take them your Geography, count the number of towns in England, excepting those which contain no Presbyterian element, and say, what *might* be the size of the English Presbyterian church?

But before we have the prospect of taking advantage of this wide door in the smallest degree, we must confess there is much work to be done. We have been doing, certainly, but I suspect we have been concerned about trifles, and forgotten the essentials; we have been trimming our sails and forgetting that there is a leak in our vessel, which meantime makes our progress slow, and threatens eventual shipwreck. To what can we refer but the support of the ministry? As a rule in the church, the simple truth is, that the ministerial maintenance is scandalous. To be sure, we have a minister here and there who has a respectable livelihood, but these are the few—the very few. We have a Home Mission, but, as far as its past is concerned, we know some ministers who put into their litany a petition for deliverance from it. Now, the train of evils resulting from such a state of things is

incalculable. Not to say anything of its effects on the ministry personally, it keeps the church in a state of perennial feebleness. Every minister will in the end do his best for *himself*, and get out of it as fast as he can, and so on, *ad infinitum*. The question is often asked, like a certain other question, "Did you ever hear of a dead English Presbyterian minister?" Our ministry is a succession of youths, who speedily go elsewhere to give the benefit of the experience gained at our expense. A grey head in some of our pulpits, I know, is looked upon with considerable interest—the sight is so rare.

I might, Mr. Editor, prolong my remarks in this strain to any length. My heart is full, "like a bottle ready to burst," but, fearing your editorial frown, I will stop short. What has provoked these reflections is the new movement of the Home Mission Committee. Nothing, in my humble opinion, likely to be productive of such good consequences has been mooted for the last ten years at least. It is a step in the right direction; it is *the* step. To begin here, is to begin at the beginning. You presented your readers last month with the items of the scheme. There may be different opinions as to its excellency. For my part it seems in all respects admirable. The working of the Home Mission in time past has been anything but satisfactory. It does not seem that the Sustentation Fund plan of the Free Church would suit the atmosphere of our church. As yet it is but an experiment; it has yet to be proved, *par excellence*, the best. At all events it is unsuitable to our soil. And, all things considered, the scheme of the Home Mission is the best possible in our circumstances, and we hail it as the harbinger of good things to come. The only thing that astonishes us is, that such a scheme was never thought of before. Now that it is set a-going, it cannot but commend itself to the common sense of every lover of the church, and, if fairly worked out, there will not be a more compact, a more inviting, or a more hopeful church in Christendom than ours. Our pulpits will offer inducements to the best men of all Presbyterian churches, and then, by the blessing of God, we will see a prosperity which will startle even the most hopeful.

One word more, Mr. Editor, for I have already transgressed the limits of a letter. Being a Cambrian, I have seen the first experiment made, and I can fully say that it has exceeded the most sanguine expectations. I have seen the reception of the deputation by two congregations, and in both cases it was most hearty. Mr. Paterson is the right man in the right place. Let the church keep him at work. His

anti-organ mania will disappear under the stimulus of work worth his while, and all cry for needless innovations will disappear under the soothing sky of a comfortable maintenance. The elder who accompanied him conducts himself beyond all praise. His speeches are short, business-like, and to the point. Let him also be kept at work. We want such men by the score, and could find plenty of work for them to do.

We have only to say, in conclusion, let every minister, elder, and deacon, every man, woman, and child, in the church, not only bid a hearty God speed to this work, but lay their hand to the plough, determined never to look back.

A CAMBRIAN.

MISSIONS IN INDIA.

DEAR SIR,—This year's Report of Free Church Foreign Missions confirms the statement of my letter in June "Messenger," that our church has not been forgetful of India. In a note at foot of page 63, it states, the Rev. S. Ettirajooloo, is supported by friends in Liverpool. I am informed that Mr. R. M. Bawboo is supported by a congregation in Manchester; yet the Free Church Report takes no notice of this; and at least one congregation in London, besides some Ladies' associations in Manchester, have been, it appears, nearly as liberal contributors to the India Mission of the Free Church as to the China Mission.

If there is a general opinion among the occupants of the pew throughout the church, that instead of £300, £600 a year ought to be contributed, in addition to what is expended in China, here are two educated native preachers, whose training and education have been defrayed by our own people. It is at least a matter worth inquiring, if the time has not come whether we shall take up a position in India like the other churches of Britain, or continue a hanger-on upon the Free Church, without any missionary credit in the eyes of other churches, or acknowledgment from our friends for our generosity.

I believe with these two preachers, the present India contributions of London, Liverpool, and Manchester, besides others who might contribute spontaneously, less, or not more, than an additional £300 a year would maintain a mission station, besides vigorous schools, since the Company aids educational efforts most liberally. If this inquiry were extended to the poverty or need of the Free Church to ask the aid of the sister church in England, it will be found that her missionary coffers are not only filled, but running over.

In missionary circles an opinion prevails that some alterations are required in India missionary work; if you can find space in next "Messenger" for a report on that subject by another Presbyterian church, your readers will peruse it with some interest.

Allow me to state with deference, that from some little observation, the longer our church continues a hanger-on upon the Free or any other church, while her pews are occupied by Church of Scotland, United Presbyterian, and Free Church adherents, her counsels will be divided, her efforts for good weak and temporary, because feebly supported. Our church being small, without united efforts success cannot be attained; hence every aggressive movement ought to be shaped so as to secure the good will and sympathy of the people; and we are in the right path when we attempt the sustaining of our own ordinances, education, College, and China Mission, without aid from others; if our people can do this, surely they have missionary spirit and Christian zeal for a mission in India.

As there are three sections of Presbyterians to be found in our churches, occupying the same pews, sitting down at the same communion table, and joining hand to hand in building up the Presbyterian Church in the soil of old England, let all who pray for the peace and prosperity of Jerusalem seek to foster and perpetuate such a brotherly spirit, as well as unity in action, like the prophet whose heart was full of sorrows, and his eyes with tears, at the divisions, spite, and wars between Judah and Ephraim—and alas! *what havoc have divisions not made among Presbyterians?*—looked forward to their union, gave utterance to that touching and gracious promise, Ezek. xxxvii. 22. *And I will make them one nation in the land upon the mountains of Israel; and one king shall be king to them all; and they shall be no more two nations, neither shall they be divided into two kingdoms any more at all.*

May we all seek and wait upon God, that he would cause the dew of heaven to descend upon us, and that, ere long, this precious promise may be realised to the Presbyterian Church in England, in all her efforts for the Redeemer's cause at home and abroad.

A VOICE FROM THE PEW.

A FEW HINTS ON THE IMPROVEMENT OF PRAISE.

SIR,—Having read in the "Messenger" letters from several correspondents upon the "Organ Question," I feel rather surprised that none of the precentors have

thrown out any remarks on the subject of Psalmody. I am a precentor, and therefore with your permission I will endeavour to point out how, in my opinion, the improvement of praise in our churches may be accomplished, and that without the use of the organ; but I sincerely wish that some one more competent than myself had done so before this.

In the first place, let each church session engage an efficient precentor, with the understanding that he is to form classes for the improvement of Psalmody. Second, when the classes are sufficiently advanced, let them form themselves into a choir, and sit together in the church. Third, and this is the most important, let the minister and office-bearers encourage both precentor and choir by giving their countenance and support; these three points carried out will, with God's blessing, tend greatly to improve the singing in our churches, and organs will not be required.

There is one other idea which has struck me as most desirable, and that is, that the whole of the precentors in each district should meet together to take into consideration the best means to be adopted for the improvement of Psalmody in the Presbyterian churches; were they to go heartily into the matter, they might do more than any other body to improve our Psalmody if heartily assisted by the ministers and office-bearers.

The first business of the meeting as above proposed should be to decide upon a standard tune-book, to be used in the churches in each district, then to select a certain number of tunes (different metres) from that book to be rehearsed by such choir; and it might be well in a few months from the carrying out of the above suggestions, to hold a public rehearsal of the whole of the choirs in the district, in a large room, and charge a small amount for admission, the proceeds of which should go to some of the church schemes, say the College Fund, or the School Fund, or any other most requiring it at the time. By the precentors meeting periodically and consulting together, and giving this public rehearsal annually, the singing in the churches might be greatly improved.

Let the 134 ministers and elders who met at the recent Synod, entertain something of this kind, and they will not have the unpleasant duty of travelling for so many miles, and sitting until past midnight, com-

bating with each other on the "Organ Question."

Yours, respectfully,
A PRECENTOR.

THE PORT ROYALISTS.

SIR,—It gives me no little pleasure to see in your number for this month a "Glimpse at Port Royal." And I only write to say that the very wants which your correspondent laments, have long been before the public. I mean "Memoirs of Port Royal by Mrs. Schlemmelpenninck,"* of Bath—very recently deceased. She was among the first, who in our day, brought before us the daily, hourly worth of this wonderful community. Truly, as your correspondent observes, "An undying interest attaches to Port Royal." These most interesting volumes fully bear out the assertion. But I have a suspicion that our Presbyterian friends are, in general, yet strangers to this portion of French history, from the fact of the eminent individuals who formed that most interesting community being Roman Catholics.

In addition to the work mentioned above (and which after going through four editions, is near out of print), let me mention that delightful literary chalk-drawing of the place, the men, the women, and the subject, given us by Sir James Stephen in the first volume of his "Ecclesiastical Biographies."† If any one can rise from the perusal of that fascinating paper, by which we are more than ever interested in the changeful fates of that extraordinary place and its inhabitants, it is more than most can.

In addition to these, we have, even within these two years, an epitome of the whole history in a small duodecimo volume, evidently compiled from those I have now mentioned. And since then, "Jaqueline Pascal (sister of the distinguished brother of that name); or, Convent Life at Port Royal, from the French of M. Cousin, Faugère, Vinet, and others."‡

With all these works before us, no one can have any difficulty in gaining an ample knowledge of Port Royal and the Port Royalists.

I am, sir,
Your obedient servant,
X. R. X.

Manchester, Aug. 2, 1858.

* 2 Vols. 8vo. Hamilton, or Longman, about 1830.
† Nisbet, 1854.

† 2 Vols. 8vo., Longman, 1851.

Presbyterian Church in England.

COLLECTIONS AND DONATIONS.

HOME MISSION FUND.

Association, Wooler	£1	19	8
Collection, Trinity, London	7	16	6

Presbyteries' Proceedings.

PRESBYTERY OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

AN adjourned meeting of this Presbytery was held at Alnwick on the 3rd of August. Sederunt: the Moderator, Mr. Davison; Messrs. Anderson, Lennie, Clugston, Cathcart, Forsyth, and the Clerk, Ministers; and Mr. Joseph Scott, Elder. Minutes of last meeting were read and sustained. Communion in favour of Mr. William Short, as ruling Elder, in the congregation at Wooler, was given in, read, and sustained.

Mr. Clugston reported that he had served the edict at Warrenford on the 18th instant in the usual form. A letter from Mr. Edmonds addressed to the Clerk was read, in which he stated, that in accordance with the appointment of Presbytery he had presided at the election of a minister at Warrenford, and thereafter moderated in a call in favour of Mr. James Benvie, preacher of the gospel. The Presbytery expressed great regret at the nature of the communication sent by Mr. Edmonds to the Clerk, and ordered the same to be kept *in retentis*. The call in favour of Mr. Benvie, numerous signed by elders, deacons, and members of the congregation, was laid on the table, which notwithstanding some informality connected with its execution, the Presbytery agreed to sustain. The Moderator having put the call into the hands of Mr. Benvie, he declared his acceptance thereof, and cordially closed with the same. Whereupon the Presbytery agreed to prescribe the following pieces of trial:—Exegesis, “*Quis Finis et usus fuerit ceremonialis sub veteri Testamento*”; Exercise in addition, Philippians ii. 4—8.; Lecture, Psalm xxiii.; Homily, Matthew v. 8.; Popular Sermon, Matthew xi. 28.; Ecclesiastical History, Sixteenth Century, for *viva voce* examination; Hebrew, 23rd chapter of Exodus and first five Psalms of David; Greek Testament *ad aperturam libri*, with the ordinary questionary trials in Theology in general. The Presbytery resolved to meet at Aln-

wick on Tuesday, August 31st, in the Presbyterian church there, at twelve o'clock, for the purpose of receiving the above trials, and for ordinary business. The supply of the pulpit at Warrenford to devolve on Mr. Benvie *ad interim*.

Mr. Clugston reported that the congregation of St. James's, Alnwick, was not yet ripe for a call.

In regard to the deputation from the Home Mission Committee, the Clerk reported that he had transmitted a copy of the deliverance come to at last meeting to the Convener, and also read a letter from Mr. M'Caw, intimating that in consequence of said deliverance, the Deputation declined to meet the Presbytery to-day. The Presbytery express regret at the non-appearance of the Deputation, as from a conference with them, some mode of procedure might have been suggested and adopted, likely to promote their object. Their absence was all the more regretted in as much as in the communication from the Convener it is said “the Synod's remit does not state very clearly what the special object of the Deputation is.” The Clerk is instructed to intimate to the Convener that the Presbytery will be happy to receive the Deputation at next meeting, August 31st, as they are most desirous to co-operate with them towards the accomplishment of their object in every way that may be deemed practicable, but that without previous conference, the Presbytery is not prepared to call on their congregations to take any steps in this matter.

The Presbytery adjourned to meet at Alnwick, in St. James' church, on Tuesday, August 31st, at twelve o'clock.—Closed with prayer.

PRESBYTERY OF CUMBERLAND.

A *pro re nata* meeting of the Presbytery of Cumberland was held at Maryport on Tuesday, the 10th of August last, to receive the deputation of the Home Mission Committee on the proposed new scheme for Home Mission disbursements. Sederunt: the Rev. W. Harvey, Moderator; J. Burns, W. Tweedie, A. F. Douglas, Ministers; and Mr. Dobie, Elder. The deputation, consisting of the Rev. J. Paterson, of St. Andrews, Manchester, and Mr. Galt, Elder, addressed the Presbytery on the proposed measure. Thereafter the matter was thoroughly discussed, and received the hearty assent of every member of the court.

The following resolution was then moved by Mr. Burns, and seconded by Mr. Dobie:

That, having heard with much satisfaction the statement of the deputation, the Presbytery approve of the scheme, and resolve to aid the carrying out of the same; and that the best thanks of the Presbytery be given to the deputation for the interest they have taken in this matter.

The Presbytery made the following arrangements for visiting the congregations within the bounds—Maryport on Tuesday, the 10th, Workington on the 11th, Whitehaven on the 12th, Brampton on the 13th, and Bewcastle on the 16th.

Closed by prayer.

PRESBYTERY OF BERWICK.

THIS Presbytery held its ordinary meeting at Berwick on the 25th of May, and was duly constituted by the retiring Moderator, the Rev. D. Munro, who preached an able sermon from John iii. 12—"If I have told you arthly things, and ye, believe not, how shall ye believe if I tell you of heavenly things." Mr. Fraser was elected Moderator for the current year; Mr. Cant was elected to the office of Clerk.

Commissions in favour of Mr. W. Tennant, a ruling Elder of the congregation at Tweedmouth, Mr. James Paxton at Horncliffe, and Mr. Nicholas Towers at Etal, were given in, read, and sustained.

A letter addressed to the Moderator from Mr. Stewart was read, intimating that, as appointed, he had preached at Horncliffe, Sabbath the 28th of February, and declared the church vacant. Mr. Robinson reported that he had preached at Norham, Sabbath the 18th ult., and declared the church vacant.

Commissions appeared from the Bankhill congregation and prayed for the moderation of a call as soon as possible; the prayer was granted, and Thursday, the 3rd proximo, appointed for the purpose; Mr. Fraser to preach and preside.

Subjects of trial were prescribed to Mr. James Brown, Student of Theology, in order to his entering the Hall for the second year.

Messrs. Fraser, Robinson, and Cant, were appointed a Committee to examine the Presbytery records and papers, and to report at next ordinary meeting, Mr. Cant, convener. The Horncliffe Session records and congregational account-books were examined and attested.

Rev. Mr. Munro and Mr. Paxton were appointed to represent the Presbytery in any meeting of commission that may be held during the current year.

Presbytery adjourned to meet at Bankhill Church on Thursday, the 3rd proximo, at seven o'clock p.m. Closed with prayer.

June 3rd.—This Presbytery met at Berwick, and moderated in a call to Mr. Peter Thomson, Probationer of the Free Church, to be Pastor to the Bankhill congregation. Mr. Fraser, as appointed, preached and presided, the call which was unanimous and numerously signed, was sustained. Mr. Thomson being present, and the call being put into his hands, he expressed his acceptance thereof, whereupon the Presbytery appointed him his trials with a view to ordination.

June 30th.—The Presbytery met by adjournment. Sederunt, Rev. Mr. Fraser, Moderator; Messrs. Robinson, Terras, and Cant, Ministers; and Mr. W. Tennant, Elder. A commission in favour of Mr. James Cowe, a ruling Elder at Bankhill Church, was handed in and sustained, and his name added to the sederunt. Mr. Thomson being called upon, proceeded to give in his trial discourses. Upon a conjunct view of the whole, they were sustained as highly satisfactory. The Presbytery then appointed Mr. Munro to serve the edict at Bankhill Church Sabbath next, and Thursday, the 15th proximo, for Mr. Thomson's ordination. Mr. Munro to preach, Mr. Robinson to ordain, Mr. Fraser to address the Minister and the congregation.

July the 15th.—The Presbytery met by adjournment, and was constituted with prayer. Sederunt: Rev. Mr. Robinson, Moderator *pro tem*; Messrs. Fraser, Munro, Terras, and Cant, Ministers; Mr. James Cowe, Elder. Rev. Mr. Tasker, Chalmers's Territorial Free Church, Edinburgh; Rev. Mr. Turnbull, Free Church, Eyemouth; and Rev. Mr. Ketchan, Free Church, Morington, being present, were associated.

A commission from Ancroft Moor, in favour of Mr. Thomas Breddel, ruling Elder, also a commission in favour of Mr. Geo. Smith, a ruling Elder at Lowick, were given in and sustained. Mr. Robinson, Interim Moderator of the Kirk Session at Norham, reported that a congregational meeting was held at Norham on the 11th inst., when commissioners were appointed to appear before the Presbytery on the 15th day of July, and apply for the moderation of a call as soon as possible. The commissioners, being present, were questioned by the Presbytery on the position of the congregation, and, the information given being satisfactory, the application was granted, and the 25th inst. appointed for the purpose; Mr. Robinson to preach and preside.

The Presbytery then proceeded to the solemn services of the Ordination. Mr. Munro returned Mr. Thomson's edict duly signed and attested; Mr. Cant read the edict *mutatis mutandis*. Mr. Munro preached the Ordination sermon—an able discourse

from Rom. iii. 21—26. Mr. Robinson, after putting the usual questions before Ordination, with the help of the brethren present, did by prayer and imposition of hands solemnly ordain and set apart Mr. Thomson to the office and work of the holy ministry. Mr. Fraser gave the charge to the young minister and to the people. Mr. Thomson received at dismissal a cordial welcome from the congregation.

THE PRESBYTERY OF LANCASHIRE.

THIS Presbytery met at Manchester on the 7th day of July, the Rev. D. Blyth, Moderator.

Mr. Breakey, being next in rotation for the moderatorship, begged leave to decline the office, because of his distance from the seat of Presbytery, and the difficulties of attending the meetings. After deliberation, the Presbytery unanimously resolved to adopt the following standing order to the effect—1. That in order to secure as much as possible the services of the more experienced ministers in cases of ordination, induction, and the like, the Presbytery from this date agree to begin at the top of the roll in choosing the Moderator. 2. When the appointment comes down on the roll, so that the remanent names on the roll have not been five years on the roll that the appointment of the moderator begin again at the top.

In accordance with the above order, Mr. McLean was appointed Moderator for the next six months. But, he being absent, the retiring Moderator continued to act, as Moderator during this meeting.

Mr. Steel moved, that the Presbytery at its November meeting of each year, resolve itself into a committee to examine the Session records of each congregation, and that each Session be instructed to produce its records at said meeting, and that the reports on the records be given into the Presbytery on the same day; which motion was seconded and agreed to.

Mr. Wood applied on behalf of the Church Session at Risley for the moderating in a call. A committee was appointed to visit Risley, and deal with the congregation.

Mr. J. C. Paterson applied on behalf of the Leeds Church Session *ad interim* for the moderating in a call. A committee was appointed with like instructions.

The Bradford Trust Deed was remitted to the Trust Deed Committee to be examined.

The Home Mission Schedule of Bolton was produced, examined, and attested.

The Home Mission Schedule of Chester was also produced, and attested, with this remark, that the Presbytery think that the

grant should be somewhat reduced for this year.

Mr. Lundie gave notice that at next meeting he would move that the Presbytery overture the Synod that no station shall be erected into a charge without the sanction of the Synod.

Next meeting appointed to be held at Liverpool on the first day of September, at eleven a. m.

PRESBYTERY OF BIRMINGHAM.

THIS Presbytery met at Stafford on the 3rd of August. Sederunt: Revs. Nason Brown, Moderator; Messrs. Lewis and Crowe, Ministers; with Messrs. MacKie and Craig, Elders.

A Presbyterial certificate in due form was granted to Mr. J. W. Connor, a licentiate of the Free Church, who had laboured for some months within the bounds.

The Rev. J. Crowe and Mr. H. Ringland were, at the request of Rev. N. Brown, appointed as assessors to act with the Stafford Session.

Mr. Craig, Presbytery Elder, from the Cape, Smethwick, laid on the table a memorial from the Session and congregation there, praying for the moderation of a call; he laid also before the Presbytery the Session roll of the congregation, and a statement of their financial affairs. After further inquiry and consideration it was agreed, on the motion of the Rev. G. Lewis, "That the memorial with the accompanying papers lie on the table, and that the Clerk be instructed to communicate the particulars to the Home Mission Committee with the view of obtaining their concurrence before taking steps for the settlement of a pastor at the Cape Smethwick."

The Presbytery adjourned to meet at Dudley, on the first Tuesday of October, at twelve o'clock, whereof public intimation having been given, the meeting closed with the benediction.

Intelligence.

WORKINGTON.—The deputation from the Home Mission Committee—the Rev. J. Paterson, and Mr. Galt—visited this congregation on Wednesday evening, the 11th of August last. The attendance was large, and the proceedings of an interesting character. After the deputation had explained the proposed new plan, the congregation was addressed by R. V. Innes, Esq., of H.M.'s Customs, Mr. W. Irving, Mr. G. White, and Mr. C. Doig, who all expressed

their sympathy with the scheme, and their determination to give it their hearty support. The deputation then met with the managers, and it was resolved to take steps to reach the required amount—£150.

ANCOATS, MANCHESTER.—We have seen a circular regarding a proposed bazaar to raise funds to add an additional school-room to the very valuable Educational Institution of this congregation; it is as follows:—"The ladies of this congregation have resolved to hold a bazaar, in October next, for the purpose of raising funds to build a class-room for their Infants' School. The schools, (boys, girls, and infants,) have about 400 scholars in actual attendance, and are efficient and useful. The Infants' school, average 140, has largely outgrown the accommodation. If a class-room is not provided, it will be necessary to reduce the school by about fifty scholars. It is the success and usefulness of the school which renders it necessary to enlarge the premises. The Ladies' Committee for the bazaar have every confidence that all the members of the congregation will help in this effort. They also hope to have the assistance of other ladies interested in the prosperity of the congregation, and the success of the schools." It is pleasing to find that in a district requiring so much to be done in a missionary and educational point of view, this congregation is so usefully employed. Let it be noted that the present effort is made, not to enlarge the number of scholars, but to retain those already attending. It is hoped many of our readers will feel pleasure in assisting this good work. Contributions of money, or of articles for the sale, will be thankfully received during this month of September, and duly acknowledged by the Rev. Andrew Inglis, 253, Bradford-road, Manchester.

AMERICAN REVIVALS.

The following very valuable letter was read by Mr. Wm. Ferguson at a recent meeting of the office-bearers of the London Presbytery. The high standing and eminence of the writer makes it a document of great value on the subject of which it speaks; and, therefore, with Mr. F.'s permission, we have taken the liberty of placing it before our readers, notwithstanding the scruples of the worthy writer:—

New York, June 21, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,— * * * I take leave to add a few statements occasioned by the notice taken in Great Britain of our Ameri-

can revival: you may use them in any way short of printing them.

I am convinced that our British friends conceive of a religious awakening among us much more deeply penetrative and extensively powerful than we have actually enjoyed: and this I say without meaning to derogate from the great and even glorious manifestation of Divine power and love in which we have been rejoicing. As *picked facts* concerning American slavery, though individually true, give a false impression of the *ensemble* of Southern servitude; so *select recitals* of the wonderful doings of God in the conversion of souls give a false impression as to the state of the country at large. You would not, I fear, at the present moment, find so marked a change in parlours and countinghouses, as our newspapers have led you to expect. On inquiry, and at certain points, you would unquestionably find marks of high religious interest.

The work of grace is more remarkably progressive just now in the country than in the town; chiefly because of the almost unexampled scattering which takes place in our cities during hot weather. This, however, does not affect the numerous attendance on the three great daily prayer meetings at the North Dutch Church, at John Street Methodist Church, and at No. 175, Broadway, the last being an afternoon meeting in a long warehouse. All these meetings are fully attended, even now that the mercury in the shade is near 90 degrees. I am happy to say that these meetings, instead of being less orderly, are more so. Tendencies to forward and eccentric proceedings have very much disappeared. In this respect I might perhaps reconsider some remarks of quasi censure in my last. The number of conversions reported must decrease in some degree from the diminution of material. The number of persons, especially in youth, who have been gathered into the Church, is beyond computation.

It has been said that this revival has been characterised by want of depth and seriousness. Where hundreds embrace a religious life, by whatever method, some will have these defects; a large proportion, it may be, in times of general excitement; but, though jealous on this point, I am

unable to say that the charge is well founded. Very remarkable instances of continued "law-work" solemn and sad reflection, and pungent conviction of sin, have come to my knowledge. In order to speak safely, I will not affirm that the greater number of cases come under this description. It has been most interesting to me to observe how deeply grace has wrought in the hearts of long-established Christians. Thousands of such have been going day by day to the place of prayer and fellowship, where experienced believers, often ministers, have read and expounded the word. As a pastor I have never had more striking, I might add, more alarming cases, than those of some who had long been prominent professors, but who were now shaken in their hopes and made to repent and do their first works. Struggles and temptations such as exercised the casuistry of the 17th century, as described by Dickson and Halyburton, have not been unknown among us. Equally striking has been the disposition of God's people to increase their labours of love on every side. In all my ministry of two and thirty years I have never known such a disposition to be active for the salvation of souls, particularly in the way of individual address and special prayer.

The revival has often reminded me of those reservoirs of water in cavernous recesses, which by the percolations of years are slowly filled, until at length the contents having reached a certain point, violently empty themselves all at once. Of fifty-seven who came for the first to our communion (which occurs six times a year) the majority were persons who had been dealt with for years in the way of pastoral admonition. One was a person of accomplished mind who had come to me with agonising convictions at intervals of six years. In those churches which are best known to me, most of the reported converts have referred their impressions of religion to a date far anterior to the present awakening. The more we study the work, the more do we perceive it to have been the crowning grace superadded to a long series of teachings and in answer to incessant prayers. In a calm view of the whole matter I do not see anything in the means employed which might not be kept up always.

In a revival which has nominally included Calvinists and Armenians, people of rite, and people almost Quakerish, which moreover has spread over the entire Union, North and South, among descendants of every nationality and among black and white, and nowhere more signally than in regions covered with great slave-holding interests, one will reasonably expect diversities of manifestation. The impulse which, under Bishop McIlvaine or Dr. Murray, would never overleap conventional decorum, would run a little wild in Baptist or Methodist meetings in the West and South. It is therefore difficult to give any particular description which shall be equally applicable in every place. On a general view, what is most remarkable is the absence of all outbreaks of fanaticism. Even the censorious judging of brethren, and the spiritual pride which are the familiar concomitants of exalted religious states have been remarkably excluded.

Among so many different creeds there has been diversity of doctrine preached in the Revival. Yet there has not been, as was the case thirty years ago, any decided prominence given to doctrinal points, still less any pressing of error. You have already learnt that no great revivalist, itinerating evangelist, or pulpit star has had his name connected with this work of grace. As little have any stereotyped measures or awakening manœuvres been employed or enjoined. Among numerous alleged proximate causes of the blessed reformation in our churches, I am absolutely unable to name one, which may even plausibly be put forward as having been the great instrument. Prayer to God for the outpourings of his holy Spirit has been greatly increased; but this increase was the fruit of revival already begun. At the same time it should not be concealed that from first to last the prominent token of this revival, and that which has never been rated lower than the highest point of value, has been *daily meeting for prayer*.

In perusing various reports of remarks and proceedings called forth among our British brethren by the wonderful work of God in this country, I have been much concerned on a particular point: that is to say, I have feared that some should over-zealously seek to copy means and measures, the

mere incidents and accessories of this revival, instead of waiting upon the sovereign pleasure of God the Spirit, whose wind bloweth where it listeth, and who is wont to employ manifold diversities of administration. I greatly doubt whether gifts of divine grace among you will always take the same shape as among us. Awakening, revival, reformation, come in different ways. This revival as to its accessories widely differs from former revivals among ourselves. It is questionable whether a close imitation of our particular meetings in circumstances so unlike, without a train of foregoing preparations, will be strikingly useful in London or Edinburgh. Even in America we perceive some failures arising from this very mistake. That which is essential is unquestionably the waiting of all God's people upon his supreme will, with yearning desires for that unspeakable gift which he has declared himself so ready to grant. On this head I have written more largely in a discourse contained in the "New York Pulpit," a volume lately issued here by Sheldon and Blakeman.

When I was in England I thought, and more than once wrote home, that there was a genuine revival of religion in Great Britain, and this while as yet no inkling of such a blessing had visited any minds in America. I thus judged comparing the indications of 1851 with those of 1857. I argued from the greatly increased impulse given to every form of evangelism; the more decided preaching of Christ in the Church of England; the tender earnestness of many dear brethren of the Free Church; the marked augmentation of labours for the poor; the open-air preaching; the opening of Exeter Hall, the Abbey, and other vast auditoriums; the immense popularity of certain evangelical teachers; the corresponding thirst to hear the word on the part of the masses, far beyond anything known among us even now. These signs, and such as these have been made on the firm belief that Great Britain is on the eve of spiritual blessings. It has been a subject of earnest prayer in America, and not the less because under erroneous information and a zeal for liberty not quite free from rancour, some of our English brethren have been too distrustful

of all religious movements in a land which tolerates slavery.

Would to God that Great Britain and America might be joint sharers in the shower of mercies; and that thus they might be fitted to take the van in conquering the world. Every breeze that whispers of hostility between the two governments makes some of us turn pale. Our dearest hopes are bound up in the continued Christian amity of the two nations. To no other country can either of them look with hope of intelligent, hearty, permanent alliance; and a common language and common faith must tie the knot.

SUPPORT OF THE MINISTRY.

Dr. Wylie's New Work.

WE copy the following document from the "Home and Foreign Record of the Free Church." Those of our friends who are calling loudly for the "old paths" will do well to study the following counsels of John Knox on a very practical subject:—

We are very anxious to secure for Dr. Wylie's new book on the Christian Ministry a wide circulation amongst the congregations of the Free Church. The inadequate views which prevail at present in all unendowed churches, in regard to the high claims of the Christian ministry to a suitable support, is one of the most discouraging signs of the times. A spirit of high-toned Christian liberality has no doubt lately sprung up in various quarters, and large sums have been given for Christian objects; but whilst the social position of all other classes of professional men has been steadily rising, that of the great mass of unendowed ministers has remained depressed and stationary, without even a sufficient number of high prizes at the top of the scale. This is all the more alarming, as one can already trace its results in the growing deficiency of accomplished and high-toned candidates for the ministerial office. We know that ministers must be actuated by higher motives than any that pertain to this world; but they have a Divine right to a sufficient maintenance, and any system which proceeds upon an opposite view will, sooner or later, be sure to fail. It is painful to contrast the narrow and inadequate views at present so common in regard to the proper support of the ministers of the gospel, with the wise and liberal opinions of the early Reformers. The following passage from the "First Book of Discipline," chiefly the work of

John Knox, is worthy of special study at the present moment :—

“Seeing that of our master Christ Jesus and His apostle Paul, we have that the workman ‘is worthy of his reward,’ and that the mouth of the labouring ox ought not to be muzzled, of necessity it is that honest provision be made for the ministers, which we require to be such that they have neither occasion of solicitude, nor yet of insolence or wantonness. And this provision must be made not only for their own sustentation during their lives, but also for their wives and children after them. For we judge it a thing most contrarious to reason, godliness, and equity, that the widow and the children of him who in his life did faithfully serve in the Kirk of God, should after his death be left comfortless of all provision. . . . We judge, therefore, that every minister have sufficient whereupon to keep a house, and be sustained honestly in all things, as books, clothes, flesh fish, fuel, and other things necessary.

“The children of the ministers must have the liberty of the cities next adjacent where their fathers laboured freely granted. They must have the privileges in schools, and bursaries at colleges—that is, that they shall be sustained at learning if they be found apt thereto, and failing thereof, they must be put to some handicraft and exercised in some virtuous industry, whereby they may be profitable members of the commonwealth; and the same we require of their daughters, to wit, that they be virtuously brought up, and honestly doted when they come to maturity of years, at the discretion of the Kirk. And this in God’s presence we witness we require not so much for ourselves or for any that appertain to us, as that we do it for the increase of virtue and learning, and for the profit of the posterity to come; for it is not to be supposed that any man will dedicate himself and his children so to God and his Kirk, that they look for no worldly commodity, but this cankered nature which we bear is provoked to follow virtue when it seeth profit and honour thereto annexed; and contrarily then is virtue by many despised, when virtuous and godly men are without honour, and sorry would we be that poverty should discourage men from study and following of the way of virtue, by which they might edify the Kirk and flock of Jesus Christ.”

A proper treatise on this subject has long been a desideratum. The circumstance that Dr. Wylie’s Essay gained the first prize of £150, by the award of such competent judges, as well as his own literary character, ought to be sufficient evidence of

the value of his work. But much more may be said with truth in regard to its undoubted excellence. We do not know a more eloquent exhibition of the true scriptural view of the gospel ministry and its high claims to a proper maintenance, than is embodied in Dr. Wylie’s Essay. That Essay is clear, pointed, and exhaustive. It contains a luminous and yet condensed view of the whole question, from all the leading points of observation, and we are persuaded that its wide circulation in all our congregations could not fail to issue speedily, by the blessing of God, in the most salutary results.

HOLYWELL STREET AND THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

LORD CAMPBELL’S Act has, during the last twelve months, worked wonders in the purification of Holywell Street. The two great manufacturers of the literary and artistic dirt and filth of that region, Smith and Duguid, are both away. We believe the latter is in prison; his shop is now occupied by a picture-frame maker, and the double shop formerly occupied by Smith has been closed for nearly a year. The shops in the street, which at one time were blazing with obscene books and prints, are now occupied by picture-dealers, clothes-men, &c., and there are not more than three or four in the entire street professing in any way to pander to the prurient tastes of the multitude.

The *Saturday Review*, in its last number, thus speaks of the evil purposes to which the stereoscope is being turned :—

“If any one of our readers will walk down the Strand, he will see numerous shop windows—in other particulars of the most respectable character—which are studded with stereoscopic slides, representing women more or less naked, and generally leering at the spectator with a conscious, or elaborately unconscious, impudence, the ugliness of which is its only redeeming feature. There is a brutal vulgarity and coarseness about some of these pictures which is surprising, as it is disgusting. We have seen, publicly exposed in a shop of decent appearance, a slide representing a woman in bed, with a man in his night cap and night shirt, seated in a chair nursing a baby; and underneath was written, ‘my last edition.’ Mrs. Caudle’s *curtain lectures*, and the various endearments to which Mr. Caudle resorts in order to avoid them, with other conjugal scenes of the same kind, are apparently extremely popular.”



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